

STANDARD LITERATURE SERIES

THE YEMASSEE



SIMMS

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THE YEMASSEE

BY

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

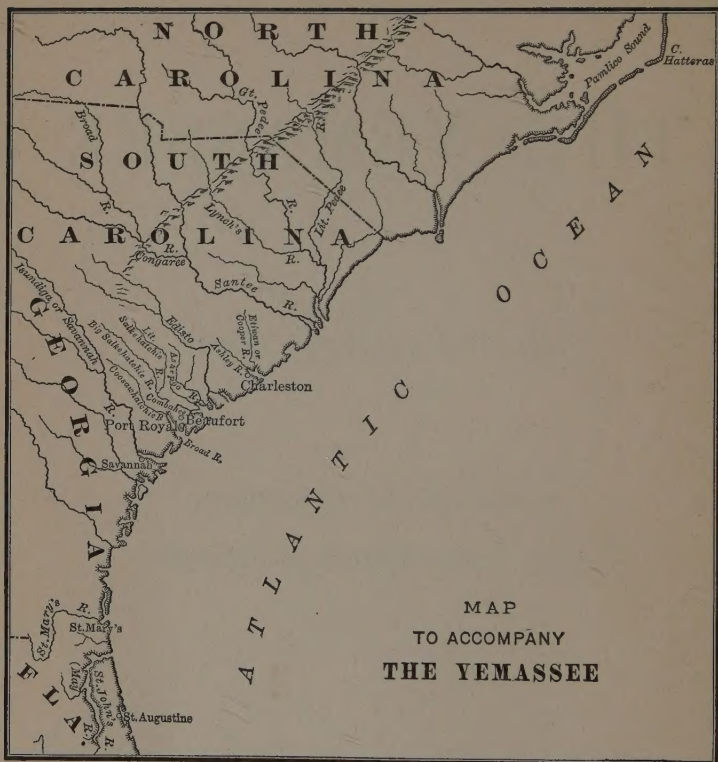
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WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES



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INTRODUCTION.

"THE YEMASSEE" is a historical romance of South Carolina by a South Carolina man—William Gilmore Simms—and it is by far the best of the many literary works of that prolific writer. It illustrates one of the greatest of the conflicts of the early Carolina settlers with the native Indian tribes—the Yemassee war of 1715. In that struggle the colony escaped total destruction only through the courage and energy of the governor, Charles Craven, whose character is well portrayed in the Gabriel Harrison of the story.

But the most striking and interesting personage introduced is Sanutee, the Yemassee chief. In him we have a fair type of the qualities of the patriotic Indian of the period—his love for his native forests and his jealousy of the encroachments of the whites, who were often both unjust and cruel in their treatment of the red man. Sanutee's son, the young chief Oconestoga, represents the Indian demoralized by contact with the bad side of European civilization. The picture of the brave youth ruined by strong drink, the frenzied love of his mother, and his terrible fate, form perhaps the most dramatic features of the book, which is all through replete with matter of thrilling interest.

William Gilmore Simms, the author of this most fascinating story, was a native of Charleston, where he was born in 1806. At eight years of age he began writing verses. When he was twenty-one, he published a volume of "Lyrical and Other Poems" and "Early Lays." In 1828 he became editor of the *City Gazette*, and in the following year appeared his first story, "Martin Faber." From that time onwards his writings were very numerous, including poems, plays, tales, romances, histories, and biographies. He died at Charleston in 1870.

THE INDIANS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

No one knows where the Indians came from. It is generally believed that their ancestors crossed from Asia, by way of Bering Strait, a great many centuries ago, and, moving southward, gradually settled North and South America. They were divided into many tribes, each governed by a chief, usually elected by the warriors of his tribe. Gilmore Simms in

his History of South Carolina gives the following sketch of the Indians of that territory :

“ Carolina is said to have been occupied, at its first settlement, by no less than twenty-eight Indian nations. Perhaps we should speak more justly to describe the larger number of these as mere tribes, the off-shoots of the several nations of Muscoghees, Catawbas, Cherokees, Chickasaws, and Choctaws. Their settlements extended from the ocean to the mountains. The Westos, Stonos, Coosaws, and Sewees occupied the country between Charleston and the Edisto River. They were conquered by the Savannahs, and expelled from the country. The Yemassee and Huspahs held the territory in the neighborhood of Port Royal. The Savannahs, Serrannas, Cussobos, and Eucheas occupied the middle country along the Isundiga, or Savannah River. The Appalachians dwelt at the head-waters of the Savannah and Altamaha, and gave their name to the mountains of Appalachia, and the bay of Appalachicola. The Muscoghees, or Creeks, occupied the south side of Savannah and Broad Rivers—the latter being, at that time, called the Cherokee—and, by this river, they were divided from the Cherokees, a formidable nation, which dwelt upon the territory now included in the districts of Pickens, Anderson, and Greenville. The Congarees, Santees, Waterees, Saludahs, Catawbas, Pedees, and Winyahs lived along the rivers which bear their names. The Chickasaws and Choctaws dwelt westward, on the banks of the Mississippi.”

The Indians were very fierce and merciless in war. One of their peculiar weapons was the tomahawk. This was a kind of hatchet which, as made by the natives, had a head of stone, attached by thongs to the end of the shaft. In later times steel heads were supplied by the white traders. The Indians usually fought with bows and arrows, but soon after the coming of the Europeans they learned how to handle firearms. They had knives also, which they used in the barbarous practice of scalping. When they killed or captured an enemy they cut off his scalp—the skin and hair of the top of the skull—and carried it away as a trophy of victory, and their bravery in war was judged among their own people chiefly by the number of scalps they could show.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

The first Europeans who reached the shores of South Carolina were Spaniards. Florida was discovered in 1512 by the celebrated Ponce de Leon.¹ Eight years later Velasquez de Ayllon,² a Spanish planter of St.

¹ *pron.* pŏn'thā dā lā-ŏn'.

² *pron.* vā-lās'keth dā ŋ-yŏn'.

Domingo, set out from that island, with two ships, on a slave-hunting expedition. His destination was the Bahamas, but a storm driving his vessels a considerable distance north and to the mainland, he entered a sound, and cast anchor at the mouth of a river to which he gave the name of the Jordan—now known by the Indian name, the Combahee. The natives, who called the country Chiquola (later corrupted into the form Checora), received De Ayllon with kindness, which he requited by carrying two hundred of them off as slaves. Soon after he went to Spain, and the Spanish King Charles V. appointed him governor of the new territory, to which he returned in 1525 with three vessels and a numerous party of adventurers. This time he was not so well received. One of his ships running aground at the mouth of the Jordan, the natives came down in force and massacred a large number of the Spaniards. The rest were glad to escape as best they could.

The next European expedition to Chiquola was undertaken by Frenchmen, who had heard of the "Jordan" through the adventures of De Ayllon. In the sixteenth century the Protestants in France, then known as Huguenots, were much persecuted on account of their religion, and many of them left their native country to seek homes elsewhere. One of their leaders, Admiral Coligni,¹ obtained from the French King Charles IX. permission to send a colony of his co-religionists to the New World, and he fitted out an expedition of two ships, the command of which he entrusted to John Ribault,² a skillful seaman and brave soldier. Ribault set sail in 1562. He first reached the Florida coast, where he discovered a river which he named the May (now St. John's). He then sailed north until he came to a bay, which, on account of its size and beauty, he called Port Royale (Port Royal). Proceeding inward, he landed on an island supposed to be Paris Island. Here he built a fort which he named Fort Charles in honor of the French king, and leaving in it twenty-six of his party with a supply of provisions, he returned to France. This party, though treated with kindness by the natives, soon abandoned the fort and set sail for Europe in a small vessel built by themselves.

Meanwhile Coligni had sent out another expedition with supplies, and a number of emigrants, who sailed in three ships under the command of René Laudonnière.³ They reached the May River in June, 1564, and proceeded north with the design of joining the colonists left by Ribault at Fort Charles, but hearing of the departure of the latter, they returned to May River, where they built a fort which, in honor of the Queen of France, they called Caroline.

¹ *pron.* ko-lēn-yē.

² *pron.* rē-bō.

³ *pron.* re-nā' lō-do-nyār'.

The fort of Caroline was soon attacked and seized by a party of Spaniards under Melendez de Avilez,¹ who cruelly massacred the unfortunate Frenchmen with the exception of a few who escaped to the woods. Melendez had but a short time before—September, 1565—established a settlement at a harbor on the Florida coast, a few miles south of La Caroline. Here he proclaimed the King of Spain, Philip II., as sovereign of all America, and laid the foundations of St. Augustine—the oldest town of the United States.

For nearly a hundred years no further attempt was made by Europeans to settle within the limits of South Carolina. The Spaniards regarded the whole Carolina territory as belonging to them, but England claimed the entire North American continent, on account of the discoveries and explorations of John and Sebastian Cabot, in 1497 and 1498. Charles I. in 1630 granted the Carolina territory to Sir Robert Heath, his Attorney-General, and named it Carolina in honor of himself, but no settlement was made under this grant. In 1662 King Charles II. granted a charter to the Earl of Clarendon and seven other English noblemen, including Lord William Craven, and Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, making them proprietors of all the territory of America lying between 31° and 36° north latitude.

These proprietors sent out a colony in 1670 under the command of William Sayle and Joseph West, the former being appointed governor of the new province. They arrived at Port Royal in two ships and began to make a settlement, but not liking the situation, they moved north, to the mouth of the Keawa River, and on the southern bank they laid the foundations of a town which they called Charles Town in honor of the King of England. This was old Charlestown, but the site was soon found unsuitable, not being accessible to large vessels at low water, and in 1680 a new town, the present Charleston,² was begun on Oyster Point, between the rivers Keawa and Etiwan (subsequently named Ashley and Cooper in honor of the Earl of Shaftesbury).

Meanwhile new colonists had arrived in the province in considerable numbers. In 1674 a party of Dutch came from New York, and in 1679 Charles II. sent two ships with a colony of French Protestants. Emigrants came also from Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Scotland.

The lords proprietors had prepared a plan of government known as the "Grand Model," which was drafted in a set of "Fundamental Constitutions" by the famous philosopher, John Locke. This scheme embraced a system of hereditary landed aristocracy with three classes of

¹ *pron.* mā-len'deth dā ahv-ē'leth.

² In 1783 the name "Charleston" was substituted for "Charles Town."

nobility, to be called barons, cassiques, and landgraves.¹ The eldest of the proprietors was to have the title of Palatine, with the right of appointing the governors and vetoing the acts of the legislature.

But the Grand Model was found to be wholly unsuited to the circumstances of the colony, and after an effort of twenty years to enforce them, most of the Constitutions were abandoned. The government next established consisted of a governor appointed by the proprietors, with a legislature of two houses—the “lower house” composed of representatives chosen by the people; and the “upper,” of deputies or councillors, half of whom were appointed by the proprietors, and half elected by the people. Immigration was encouraged by assignments of land, at a small rent, to each immigrant.

The early settlers were exposed to many hardships and dangers through the hostility of the Spaniards and the Indians. In 1706 Spain and France being at war with England, a fleet of five ships sailed from Cuba, under a French officer named Le Feboure, to attack Charlestown. But the town was bravely and successfully defended by a force of militia and volunteers organized and led by the Governor, Sir Nathaniel Johnson, and the enemy were compelled to depart after nearly three hundred of their men were killed or taken prisoners.

During Johnson’s administration there was a good deal of trouble in the colony because of differences about religion. The proprietors and those of the settlers who were known as Cavaliers belonged to the Church of England—the Protestant Episcopal Church. But the majority of the colonists were dissenters, that is, they dissented from, or did not believe in, many things taught and practised by the Church of England, and so they had churches and ministers of their own. Some of them were Puritans. This was a name given to dissenters who claimed that their church was the only *pure* form of Christianity, and who were very strict in matters of religion, and very grave and serious in their manners and conversation. The Cavaliers were the party that in England took the side of Charles I. against Cromwell and the Puritans, and the name continued to be used in reference to the supporters of the Stuart family down to the reign of Queen Anne.² A number of Cavaliers emigrated with their families to Carolina, and they received large grants of land and were treated with special favor by the proprietors. This excited

¹ Landgrave, or landgraf, was formerly the title of a district or provincial governor in Germany. Cassique in the form *cazique* or *cacique* was the title of a prince among the early natives of Mexico and Peru.

² The sovereigns of England from James I. to Anne (1603-1702) were of the House of Stuart, James being the son of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. This James was James VI. of Scotland.

the jealousy of the Puritans, and soon the ill feeling and strife which had existed between the two parties in England began to appear in the colony. One of the proprietors, Lord Granville, who was also Lord Palatine, got a law passed in the colonial legislature making the Church of England the established or State Church of the colony ; and another law depriving the dissenters of many of their rights as citizens. The dissenters complained to the Parliament of England against this law, and an order was issued in the name of Queen Anne declaring it to be null and void.

In 1708 Lord Craven became Lord Palatine, and in 1712 his brother, Charles Craven, was appointed governor. During his administration the war with the Yemassee broke out. This tribe had long been friendly to the settlers, but, instigated by the Spaniards of St. Augustine, they induced other tribes to join them in a plot to destroy the colony. After secretly mustering in great numbers, they suddenly began an attack on the outlying settlements, burning houses and massacring the whites without mercy. They then marched towards the capital. But Governor Craven¹ had been prompt in taking measures for defence. Quickly organizing the fighting force of the colony, he advanced against the enemy with an army of twelve hundred men, and a fierce battle was fought on the banks of the Salkehatchie River, in which the Indians were totally defeated and put to flight. Craven pursued them until they were driven beyond the Savannah, where they found refuge in the Spanish settlements of Florida.

Four years after the Yemassee war, a revolution took place in Carolina, which put an end to the proprietary government. Almost from the beginning the proprietors had done very little for the settlers. They refused to help in defending the colony against the Spaniards and Indians. The people themselves had to bear the cost of the struggle with the Yemassees, and so they had heavy taxes to pay, as well as rents to the proprietors. For these and other reasons the colonists in 1719 elected a governor of their own, and sent an agent to England to ask that the colony should be placed under the authority of the King. This was granted. The charter was abrogated by Act of the English Parliament, and to satisfy the proprietors their interest in the territory was bought out by the King. Carolina then became a royal colony, which it remained until the War of the Revolution. In 1729 the province was legally divided into North and South Carolina. For many years previously, however, it had been actually so divided and had separate governors.

¹ called Lord Palatine in the story, but as a matter of fact he had not this title.

THE YEMASSEE:

A ROMANCE OF CAROLINA.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE POCOTA-LIGO.

THE district of Beaufort,¹ lying along the Atlantic coast in the State of South Carolina, is the region first distinguished in the history of the United States by a European settlement. Here a colony of French Huguenots² was established in 1562, under the auspices of the celebrated Gaspard de Coligni, admiral of France. This settlement proved unsuccessful; and the events which history records of the subsequent efforts of the French to establish colonies in the same neighborhood, while of unquestionable authority, have all the charm of the most delightful romance.

It was not till a hundred years after, that the same spot was temporarily settled by the English under Sayle, who became the first governor, as he was the first permanent founder, of the settlement. The situation was exposed, however, to the incursions of the Spaniards, who, in the meanwhile, had possessed themselves of Florida, and for a long time after continued to harass and prevent colonization in this quarter. But perseverance at length triumphed over all these difficulties, and though Sayle, for further security, in the infancy of his settle-

¹ For this and other places mentioned, see map.

² See Introduction for explanation of historical references.

ment, had removed to the banks of the Ashley, other adventurers contrived to occupy the ground he had left, and in the year 1700, the birth of a white native child is recorded.

From the earliest period of our acquaintance with the country of which we speak, it was in the possession of a powerful and gallant race, and their tributary tribes, known by the general name of Yemassee. Not so numerous, perhaps, as many of the neighboring nations, they nevertheless commanded the respectful consideration of all. In valor they made up for any deficiencies of number, and proved themselves not only sufficiently strong to hold out defiance to invasion, but were always ready to anticipate assault. Their forward courage, elastic temper, and excellent skill in the rude condition of their warfare, enabled them to subject to their dominion most of the tribes around them, many of which were equally numerous with their own. Like the Romans, in this way they strengthened their own powers by a wise incorporation of the conquered with the conquerors; and under the several names of Huspahs, Coosaws, Combahees, Stonoees, and Sewees, the greater strength of the Yemassee contrived to command so many dependants, prompted by their movements, and almost entirely under their dictation. Thus strengthened, the recognition of their power extended into the remote interior, and they formed one of the twenty-eight aboriginal nations among which, at its first settlement by the English, the province of Carolina was divided.

A feeble colony of adventurers from a distant world had taken up its abode alongside of them. The weaknesses of the intruder were at first his only protection with the savage. The white man had his lands assigned him, and he trenched his furrows to receive the grain on the banks of Indian waters. The wild man looked on, wondering as he did so, and never dreaming of his own approaching subjection. Meanwhile the adventurers grew daily more numerous, for their friends and relatives soon followed them across the ocean. They, too, had

lands assigned them in turn, until, at length, we behold the log-house of the white man rising up amid the thinned clump of woodland foliage, within hailing distance of the clay hovel of the savage. Sometimes their smokes even united; and now and then the two, the "European and his dusky guide," might be seen, pursuing, side by side and with the same dog, the affrighted deer or the yet more timorous turkey.

Let us go back a hundred years, and more vividly recall this picture. In 1715, the Yemasseees were in all their glory. They were a generous and gallant race. The whites had been welcomed at their first coming to their woods, and hospitably entertained; and gradually lost all their apprehensions, from the gentleness and forbearance of the red men. The confidence of the whites grew with the immunities they enjoyed, and in process of time they came to regard their hosts in the character of allies and to employ them as auxiliaries. In this character the Yemasseees had taken up arms with the Carolinians against the Spaniards, who, from St. Augustine, perpetually harassed the settlements. Until this period the Yemasseees had never been troubled by that worst tyranny of all, the consciousness of their inferiority to a power of which they, at length, grew jealous. Lord Craven, the governor and palatine of Carolina, had done much, in a little time, by the success of his arms over the neighboring tribes, and the policy which distinguished his government, to impress this feeling of suspicion upon the minds of the Yemasseees. Their aid, finally, had ceased to be necessary to the Carolinians. They were no longer sought or solicited. The presents became fewer, the borderers grew bolder and more incursive, and new territory, daily acquired by the colonists, drove them back for hunting-grounds upon the upper waters of the Edisto and Isundiga.¹ Their chiefs began to show signs of discontent, and the great mass of their people assumed a sullenness of demeanor, which

¹ Such is the beautiful name by which the Yemasseees knew the Savannah River.--
Author's note.

had never marked their conduct before. They looked with a feeling of aversion, which they yet strove to conceal, upon the approach of the white man on every side. The thick groves disappeared, hamlets grew into existence, as it were by magic, under their very eyes and in sight of their own towns, for the shelter of a different people; and, at length, a common sentiment prompted the Yemassees in a desire to arrest the progress of a race with which they could never hope to acquire any real or lasting affinity.

The Carolinians were now in possession of the entire sea-coast, with a trifling exception, which forms the Atlantic boundary of Beaufort and Charleston districts. They had but few, and those small and scattered, interior settlements. A few miles from the seashore, and the Indian lands generally girdled them in, still in the possession as in the right of the aborigines. But few treaties had yet been effected for the purchase of territory fairly out of sight of the sea; those tracts only excepted which formed the borders of such rivers, as, emptying into the ocean and navigable to small vessels, afforded a ready chance of escape to the coast in the event of any sudden necessity. In this way the whites had settled along the banks of the Keawa, the Etiwan, the Combahee, the Coosaw, the Pocota-ligo, and other contiguous rivers; dwelling generally in small communities of five, seven, or ten families; seldom of more, and these taking care that the distance should be slight between them. Sometimes, indeed, an individual adventurer, more fearless than the rest, drove his stakes and took up his abode alone, or with a single family, several miles from his own people, and over against his roving neighbor, pursuing the same errant life, and adopting many of his savage habits. For a long season so pacific had been the temper of the Yemassees towards the Carolinians, that the latter had finally become regardless of that necessary caution which bolts a door and keeps a watch-dog.

On the waters of the Pocota-ligo, or Little Wood River, this

was more particularly the habit of the settlement. This is a small stream, about twenty-five miles long, which forms one of the tributaries of that singular estuary called Broad River; and thus, in common with a dozen other streams of similar size, contributes to the formation of the beautiful harbor of Beaufort, which the French denominated Port Royal. Leaving the yet small but improving village of the Carolinians at Beaufort, we ascend the Pocota-ligo, and still, at intervals, their dwellings present themselves to our eye occasionally on one side or the other. The banks, generally edged with swamp, possess few attractions, and the occasional cottage serves greatly to relieve a picture wanting certainly, not less in moral association than in the charm of landscape. At one spot we encounter the rude edifice, usually styled the Block House, built for temporary defence, and here and there holding its garrison of five, seven, or ten men, maintained simply as posts, not so much with the view to war as of warning. In the neighborhood we see a cluster of log dwellings, three or four in number, the clearings in progress, the piled timber smoking or in flame, and the stillness only broken by the echo of the ax, biting into the trunk of the tough pine. On the banks the woodman draws up his dug-out or canoe—a single cypress, hollowed out by fire and the stone hatchet;—around the fields the negro piles slowly the worming and ungraceful fence; while the white boy gathers fuel for the pot over which his mother is bending in the preparation of their frugal meal. A turn in the river unfolds to our sight a cottage, standing by itself, half finished, and probably deserted by its capricious owner. Opposite, on the other bank of the river, an Indian dries his bearskin in the sun; while his infant, wrapped in another, and lashed down upon a board for security, hangs rocking from the tree, beneath which his mother gathers up the earth with a wooden shovel, about the young roots of the tender corn. As we proceed, the traces of the Indians thicken. Now a cot, and now a hamlet grows up

before the sight, until, at the very head of the river, we come to the great place of council and most ancient town of the Yemassees—the town of Pocota-ligo.

CHAPTER II.

SANUTEE, THE CHIEF.

THE “great town” of Pocota-ligo, as it was called by the Yemassees, was the largest in their occupation. It was a simple collection of scattered villages, united in process of time by the coalition with new tribes and the natural progress of increase among them. They had other large towns, however, not the least among which was that of Coosaw-hatchie, or the “Refuge of the Coosaws,” a town established by the few of that people who had survived the overthrow of their nation in a previous war with the Carolinians. The “city of refuge” was a safe sanctuary, known among the greater number of our forest tribes, and not less respected with them than the same institutions among the Hebrews.¹ The refuge of the Coosaws, therefore, became recognized as such by all the Indians, and ranked, though of inferior size and population, in no respect below the town of Pocota-ligo. Within its limits—that is to say, within the cordon of pines which were blazed to mark its boundaries—the criminal, whatever his evil deed, found certain security. Here he was sacred. The murderer was safe so long as he kept within the marked circuit. But he might never venture forth with hope to elude his enemy. The vengeance of the red man never sleeps, and is never satisfied while there is still a victim.

The gray soft tints of an April dawn had scarcely yet begun to lighten in the dim horizon, when the low door of an Indian lodge that lay almost entirely embowered in a forest thicket,

¹ Among the Israelites there were “cities of refuge” to which those who killed any persons “unawares and unwittingly” might flee for safety. Josh. xx. 3.

less than a mile from Pocota-ligo, might be seen to open, and a tall warrior to emerge slowly and in silence from its shelter. He was followed by a dog, somewhat handsomer than those which usually claim the red man for a master. In his gaunt figure the beast was something of a hound, but he differed from this animal in his ears, and in the possession of a head exceedingly short and compact.

The warrior was armed after the Indian fashion. The long straight bow, with a bunch of arrows, probably a dozen in number, suspended by a thong of deerskin, hung loosely upon his shoulders. His hatchet, or tomahawk, was slightly secured to his waist by a girdle of the same material. His dress, which fitted tightly to his person, indicated a frequent intercourse with the whites. He wore a sort of pantaloons, the seams of which had been permanently secured with strings,—unsewed, but tied. They were made of tanned buckskin of the brightest yellow, and of as tight a fit as the most punctilious dandy in modern times would insist upon. An upper garment, also of buckskin, made with more regard to freedom of limb, and called by the whites a hunting-shirt, completed the dress. Sometimes the wearer threw it loosely across his shoulders, secured with the broad belt which usually accompanied the garment. Buskins, or, as named among them, *moccasins*, also of the skin of the deer, tanned, or in its natural state, according to caprice or emergency, enclosed his feet tightly.

The form of the warrior was large and justly proportioned. Stirring event and trying exercise had given it a confident, free, and manly carriage. He might have been about fifty years of age; certainly he could not have been less; though we arrive at this conclusion rather from the strong and sagacious expression of his features than from any mark of feebleness or age. Unlike the Yemassees generally, who seem to have been of an elastic and frank temper, the chief—for he is such—whom we describe, seemed one who had learned to despise all the light employs of life, and now lived

only in constant meditation of deep scheme and subtle adventure.

Thus appearing, and followed closely by his dog, advancing from the shelter of his wigwam, he drew tightly the belt about his waist, and feeling carefully the string of his bow, as if to satisfy himself that it could be depended upon, prepared to go forth into the forest. He had proceeded but a little distance, however, when, as if suddenly recollecting something he had forgotten, he returned to the dwelling, and tapping lightly upon the door which had been closed upon his departure, spoke as follows to some one within:

“The knife, Matiwan, the knife.”

He was answered in a moment by a female voice; the speaker, an instant after, unclosing the door and handing him the instrument he required—the long knife, something like the modern case-knife, which, introduced by the whites, had been at once adopted by the Indians, as of all other things that most necessary to the various wants of the hunter. Protected usually, as in the present instance, by a leathern sheath, it seldom left the person of its owner. The chief received the knife, and was about to turn away, when the woman addressed him in a sentence of inquiry, in her own language, only remarkable for the deep respectfulness of its tone.

“Sanutee,—the chief—will he not come back with the night?”

“He will come, Matiwan—he will come. But the lodge of the white man is in the old house of the deer,¹ and the swift-foot² steals off from the clear water where he once used to drink. The white man grinds his corn with the waters, and the deer is afraid of the noise. Sanutee will hunt for him in the far swamps—and the night will be dark before he comes back to Matiwan.”

“Sanutee—chief,” she again spoke, in a faltering accent, as if to prepare the way for something else; but she paused without finishing the sentence.

¹ meaning the forest.

² meaning the deer.

“Sanutee has ears, Matiwan—ears always for Matiwan,” was the reponse, in a tone well calculated to confirm the confidence which the language was intended to inspire. Half faltering still, however, she proceeded:

“The boy, Sanutee—the boy, Occonestoga——”

He interrupted her, almost fiercely.

“Occonestoga is a dog, Matiwan; he hunts the slaves of the English in the swamps for strong drink.¹ He is a slave himself—he has ears for their lies—he believes in their forked tongues,² and he has two voices for his own people. Let him not look into the lodge of Sanutee. Is not Sanutee the chief of the Yemassee?”

“Sanutee is the great chief. But Occonestoga is the son of Sanutee——”

“Sanutee has no son——”

“But Matiwan, Sanutee——”

“Matiwan is the woman who has lain in the bosom of Sanutee; she has dressed the venison for Sanutee when the great chiefs of the Cherokee sat at his board. The Yemassees speak for Matiwan—she is the wife of Sanutee.”

“And mother of Occonestoga,” exclaimed the woman.

“No! Matiwan must not be the mother to a dog. Occonestoga goes with the English to bite the heels of the Yemassee.”

“Is not Occonestoga a chief of Yemassee?” asked the woman.

“Ha! look, Matiwan—the great Manneyto³ has bad spirits that hate him. They go forth and they fear him, but they hate him. Is not Opitchi-Manneyto⁴ a bad spirit?”

“Sanutee says.”

“But Opitchi-Manneyto works for the good spirit. He works, but his heart is bad—he loves not the work, but he

¹ whisky.

² i.e., words or talk having a double meaning, and intended to deceive.

³ the good spirit, the Yemassee god.

⁴ the Yemassee Evil Principle, or bad spirit.

fears the thunder. Occonestoga is the bad servant of Yemassee: he shall hear the thunder, and the lightning shall flash in his path. Go, Matiwán, thou art not the mother of a dog. Go!—Sanutee will come back with the night.”

The eye of the woman was full of appeal as the chief turned away sternly. She watched him until he was hidden from sight by the interposing forest, then sank back sorrowfully into the lodge to grieve over the excesses of an only son, exiled by a justly incensed father from the abode of which he might have been the blessing and the pride.

Sanutee, in the meanwhile, pursued his way through a narrow by-path, leading to the town of Pocota-ligo, which he reached after a brief period. The sun had not yet risen, and the scattered dwellings were partly obscured from sight by the trees, almost in the original forest, which shut them in. A dog, not unlike his own, growled at him as he approached one of the more conspicuous dwellings. He struck quietly at the door, and inquired briefly:

“Ishiagaska—he will go with Sanutee?”

A boy came at the sound, and in reply, pointing to the woods, gave him to understand that his father had already gone forth. Without further inquiry, Sanutee turned, and taking his way through the town, soon gained the river. Singling forth a canoe, hollowed out from a cypress, and which lay with a hundred others drawn up on the bank, he launched it forth into the water, and taking his place upon a seat fixed in the centre, followed by his dog, with a small scull or flap-oar, he paddled himself directly across the river. Carefully concealing his canoe in a shelter of sedge and cane, which grew along the banks, he took his way, still followed by his dog, into a forest more dense than that which he had left, and which promised a better prospect of the game he desired.

CHAPTER III.

THE BLOCK-HOUSE.

WHAT seemed the object of the chief Sanutee, the most wise and valiant among the Yemassees? Was it game—was it battle? To us seemingly objectless, his course had yet a motive. He continued to pursue it alone. His path wound about and sometimes followed the edge of a swamp or bayou, formed by a narrow and turbid creek, setting in from the river. He occupied an hour or more in rounding this bayou; and then he took his way down the river bank and towards the settlement of the whites.

Yet their abodes or presence seemed not his object. Whenever, here and there, as he continued along the river, the larger log hovel of the pioneer met his sight, the Indian chief would turn aside from the prospect with ill-concealed disgust. It was evident that the habitations and presence of the whites brought him nothing but disquiet. He was one of those persons to be found in every country, who are always in advance of the masses around them. He was a philosopher not less than a patriot, and saw, while he deplored, the destiny which awaited his people. From time to time, as the whites extended their settlements, and grew confident in their increasing strength, did their encroachments go on; until the Indians, originally gentle and generous enough, provoked by repeated aggression, were not unwilling to change their habit for one of hostility, at the first opportunity. At the head of those of the Yemassees entertaining such a feeling, Sanutee stood preëminent. A chief and warrior, having great influence with the nation, and once exercising it warmly in favor of the English, he had, however, come to see more certainly than the rest of his people, the degradation which was fast dogging their footsteps. Satisfied of the ultimate destinies of his nation, unless arrested in its descent to ruin, his mind

was now wholly delivered up to meditations upon measures designed for relief and redress.

At length his wanderings brought him to a cottage more tastefully constructed than the rest, having a neat veranda in front, and half concealed by the green foliage of a thickly clustering set of vines. It was the abode of the Rev. John Matthews, an old English Puritan, who had settled there with his wife and daughter, and officiated occasionally as a pastor, whenever a collection of his neighbors gave him an opportunity to exhort. He was a stern and strict, but a good old man. He stood in the veranda as Sanutee came in sight. The moment the chief beheld him, he turned away with a bitter countenance, and, resolutely avoiding the house until he had gone around it, took no manner of heed of the friendly hail which the old pastor had uttered on seeing him approach.

This proceeding was unusual: Sanutee and the preacher had always before maintained the best understanding. The exhortations of the latter had frequently found a profound listener in the red chief, and more than once had the two broken bread together in the cottage of the one or the wigwam of the other. The good pastor, however, did not suffer his surprise at Sanutee's conduct to linger long in his memory. He was not of the class who love to brood over things that bewilder them.

Meanwhile, pursuing a winding route, and as much as possible keeping the river banks, while avoiding the white settlements, the Indian warrior had spent several hours since his first departure. He could not well be said to look for game, though he watched at intervals the fixed gaze of his keenly scented dog concentrated upon the woods on either side—now encouraging his cry, as he set upon the track of deer or turkey, and pursuing the occasional route of the animal whenever it seemed that there was any prospect of his success. It was about mid-day when the chief rested beside a brooklet, or, as it is called in the South, a branch, that trickled across the path; and taking from the leathern pouch which he car-

ried at his side a strip of dried venison, and a small sack of parched Indian meal, he partook of the repast which his ramble made grateful enough. Stooping over the branch, he slaked his thirst from the clear waters, and giving the residue of his food to the dog, he prepared to continue his progress.

It was not long before he reached the Block House of the settlers—the most remote garrison station of the English upon that river. It had no garrison at this time, however, and was very much out of repair. Such had been the friendship of the Yemassee heretofore with the Carolinians, that no necessity seemed to exist, in the minds of the latter, for maintaining it in better order. The Block House marked the rightful boundary of the whites upon the river. Beyond this spot they had as yet acquired no claim of territory; and, hitherto, the Indians had refused to enter into any new treaty for its disposal. But this had not deterred the settlers, many of whom had gone considerably beyond the limit. All of these were trespassers, therefore, and in a trial of right would have been soon dispossessed. In the neighborhood of the Block House the settlements had been much more numerous. The families, scattered about at a distance of two or three miles from one another, could easily assemble in its shelter in the chance of any difficulty. The fabric was constructed for temporary use as a place of sudden refuge, and could be defended by a few stout hearts and hands, until relief could reach them from their brethren on the coast.

Though not upon the river, yet the distance of this fortress from it was inconsiderable—a mile or more, perhaps, and with an unobstructed path to a convenient landing. It was built after the common plan of such buildings at the time. An oblong square of about an acre was taken in by a strong line of pickets, giving an area upon either end of the building, but so narrow that the pickets in front and rear made part of the fabric, and were connected with its foundation timbers. The house consisted of two stories, the upper being divided into

two apartments, with a single window of about three feet square in the sides of each. These windows, one or other, faced all the points of the compass; and loopholes, besides, were provided for musket shooting. Beyond the doorway there was no other opening in the stout logs of which the walls were made. The lower story was a sort of great hall, having neither floor nor division. The only mode of reaching the upper story, was a ladder, which might be planted against the trap openings of each of the chambers; each being thus provided separately from the others. A line of loopholes below, at proper intervals, seemed to complete the arrangements for the defence of this rude structure, serving for the exercise of sharpshooters against an approaching enemy. The house was sufficiently spacious for the population of the country, as it then stood, and the barrier made by the high pickets, on either side, was itself no mean obstacle in a sudden fray. A single entrance to the right area gave access to the building, through a doorway, the only one which it possessed. The gate was usually of oak, stoutly made, but in the present instance it was wanting entirely, having been carried away by some of the borderers, who found more use for it than for the fortress.

CHAPTER IV.

GOOD HUNTERS.

FROM the Block House, which Sanutee examined both within and without with no little attention, he proceeded towards the river. A sort of half schooner lay in the stream, seemingly at anchor. There was no show of men on board, but at a little distance from her a boat rowed by two sailors, and managed by a third, was pulling vigorously up stream. The appearance of this vessel, which he beheld now for the first time, seemed to attract much of his attention; but as

there was no mode of communication, he was compelled to stifle his curiosity.

Leaving the spot, therefore, after a brief examination, he plunged once more into the forest, and as he took his way homeward, with more apparent earnestness than before, he urged his dog upon the scent, while unslinging his bow, and seemed now for the first time to prepare himself in good earnest for the hunt. In wandering from cover to cover, he again passed the white settlements, and found his way to a spacious swamp, formed by the overflow of the river immediately at hand. He perceived at this point that the senses of the dog became quickened, and grasping him by the neck, he led him to a tussock running along at the edge of the swamp, and giving him a harking cheer, he left him and made a rapid circuit to an opposite point, where a ridge of land, making out from the swamp, was known as a choice stand for deer.

Sanutee had not long reached the point, before, stooping to the earth, he detected the distant baying of the dog, in anxious pursuit, keeping a direct course, and approaching along the little ridge upon the border of which he stood. Sinking back suddenly from sight, he crouched beside a bush, and placing his shaft upon the string, he stood in readiness for his victim. In another moment the boughs gave way, and, breaking forth with headlong bound, a fine buck rushed down the narrow ridge on the path occupied by the Indian. With his appearance, the left foot of the hunter was advanced, the arrow was drawn back, then whizzing, with a sharp twang, it penetrated in another instant the brown sides of the animal. A convulsive leap testified the sharp pang which he felt; but he kept on, and, just at the moment when Sanutee, having fitted another arrow, was about to complete what he had begun, a gunshot rang from a little copse directly in front of him, to which the deer had been flying for shelter. This ended his progress. With a reeling stagger the victim sank sprawling forward upon the earth, in the last agonies of death.

CHAPTER V.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

THE incident just narrated had scarcely taken place, when the dog of the Indian chief bounded from the cover, and made towards the spot where the deer lay prostrate. At the same instant, emerging from the copse whence the shot had proceeded, came forward the successful sportsman. He was a stout, strange looking person, rough and weather-beaten, had the air, and wore a dress fashioned like that of the sailor. Still there was something about him that forbade the idea of his being a common seaman. His blue jacket was of the very finest stuffs of the time, and was studded thickly with buttons that hung each by a link, and formed so many knobs of solid gold. A Spanish chain, of the same rich material, encircled his neck. His pantaloons were also of blue cloth, and a band of gold lace ran down upon the outer seam of each leg, from the hip to the heel. A small dirk was the only weapon he carried beyond the rifle he had just so successfully used.

The deer had scarcely fallen when this personage advanced towards him from the wood, while Sanutee also came forward. Before either of them could get sufficiently nigh to prevent him, the dog of the chief, having reached the deer, struck his teeth into his throat, and began tearing it voraciously. The stranger bellowed to him with the hope to prevent him from injuring the meat; but he paid no attention to the cries of the seaman, who now, hurrying forward with a show of authority, succeeded only in transferring the ferocity of the dog from his prey to himself. Lifting his gun, he threatened to strike, and the animal sprang furiously upon him. But the man assailed was a cool, deliberate person, and familiar with enemies of every description. Adroitly avoiding the dash made at his throat by the animal, he contrived to grapple with him

as he reached the earth, and with a single hand, held him down, while with the other he released his dirk from its sheath. Sanutee, who was approaching, and who had made efforts to call off the dog, now cried out in broken English:

“ Knife him not, white man; it is a good dog, knife him not.”

But he spoke too late. In spite of all the struggles of the animal, the sailor passed the sharp edge of the weapon over his throat, and the dog, with a single convulsion, lay lifeless at his feet. It was fortunate for himself that he was rid of one assailant so soon; he had barely returned his knife to its sheath, when Sanutee plunged forward, and the next instant was upon the stranger, and grappled him with brawny arms. But our red chief had no easy victim in his grasp. The sailor was a stout fellow, all muscle, bold and fearless, and was prepared for the assault. At first it would have been difficult to say which of the two could possibly prove the better man, but a circumstance soon gave a turn to the affair, which promised a result decisive on one side or the other.

It happened, that, in the perpetual change of ground by the combatants, the foot of Sanutee became entangled with the body of his dog. He drew up his foot suddenly and endeavored to avoid the animal, and by separating his legs, he gave his adversary an advantage, of which he did not fail to avail himself. With the movement of Sanutee, he threw one of his knees completely between those of the warrior, and pressing his body at the same time forward upon him, they both fell heavily upon the carcass of the dog. The Indian chief was partially stunned by the fall, but being a-top, the sailor was unhurt. With a fearful smile, in the next moment he drew the dirk knife from his side, and flourishing it over the eyes of the Indian, thus addressed him:

“ And now, what do you say for yourself, you red-skinned devil? You would have taken my scalp for little or nothing—only because of your confounded dog, and he at my throat, too. What if I take yours?”

"The white man will strike?" calmly responded the chief, while his eyes looked the most savage indifference.

"Ay, that I will. I'll give you a lesson to keep you out of mischief for ever after. Hark ye now, you red devil—wherefore did you set upon me? Is a man's blood no better than a dog's?"

"The white man is a dog. I spit upon him," was the reply, accompanied with a desperate struggle at release. But the knife was flourished over his eyes the moment after.

"Ah! blast you, it's your throat or mine; so here's at you, with as sharp a tooth as ever bit the throat of white skin or a red!"

Sanutee threw up an arm to avert the weapon, but in another moment the sharp steel was driven towards the side of the victim. The red chief began to mutter sounds which might have embodied his chant of many victories. He had begun his death song. But he still lived. The blow was arrested when it was about to penetrate his heart. The sailor, seized from behind, was dragged backwards from the body of his victim by another and a powerful hand. The opportunity to regain his feet was not lost upon the Indian, who, standing now erect with his bared hatchet, again confronted his enemy, without any loss of courage, and on a more equal footing.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COOSAW-KILLER.

THE sailor turned fiercely, dirk in hand, upon the person who had thus torn him from his victim; but he met an unflinching front, and a weapon far more potent than his own. The stranger was about thirty years old, with a rich European complexion, a light blue eye, and features moulded finely, so as to combine manliness with as much of beauty as might well comport with it. He was probably six feet in height, straight

as an arrow, and remarkably well set. He wore a dress common among the gentlemen of that period and place. The coat was of a dark blue, open at the bosom, and displaying the rich folds of the vest, which was of the purest white. His buskins were like those worn by the Indians. A broad buckskin belt encircled his waist, and in his hand he carried a light fusil,¹ richly ornamented with drops of silver let in tastefully along the stock. The long knife stuck in his belt was his only other weapon. A white Spanish hat, looped broadly up at one of the sides, rested slightly upon his head, from which the brown hair in long clustering ringlets depended about the neck.

The sailor, as we have said, turned immediately upon the person who had torn him from the body of the Indian; but he encountered the presented rifle, and the clicking of the cock assured him of the perfect readiness of him who carried it to encounter his enemy in any way that he might choose.

"Well, my good master," said the seaman, "what is this matter to you, that you must meddle in other men's quarrels? Have you so many lives to spare that you must turn my knife from the throat of a wild savage to your own?"

"Put up your knife, good Pepperbox," said the person so addressed, "and thank your stars that I came in time to keep you from doing what none of us might soon undo. Know you not the chief? Would you strike the great chief of the Yemassee—the best friend of the English?"

"And who the devil cares whether he be a friend to the English or not? I don't."

"Ha! indeed! you care not for the friends of the English! Pray, who are you, and whither do you come from?"

"Suppose, fair master, I don't choose to say who I am, and from whence I come. What then?"

"Why, then, let it alone, my patient Hercules.² I care little

¹ a light musket or gun (*pron.* fū'zil).

² an ancient Greek hero, celebrated for his great strength.

whether you have a name or not. You certainly cannot have an honest one."

The countenance of the sailor grew dark with passion, but he remained silent. He had his own reasons, and there were purposes in his mind that compelled him to consideration and forbearance. Proceeding in a leisurely manner to reload his fusil, he offered no interruption to the Englishman, who now addressed the Indian.

"You have suffered a loss, Sanutee, and I'm sorry for it, chief. But you shall have another—a dog of mine—a fine pup which I have in Charleston. When will you go down to see your English brother at Charleston?"

"Who is the brother of Sanutee?"

"The governor—you have never seen him, and he would like to see you."

"Sanutee is the chief of the Yemassees—he will stay at Pocota-ligo with his people."

"Well, be it so. I shall send you the dog to Pocota-ligo."

"Sanutee asks no dog from the warrior of the English. The dog of the English hunts after the dark skin of my people."

"No, no, old chief—not so! I don't mean to give you Dugdale. Dugdale never parts with his master, if I can help it; but you say wrong. The dog of the English has never hunted the Yemassee warrior. He has only hunted the Savannahs and the Westoes, who were the enemies of the English."

"The eyes of Sanutee are good—he has seen the dog of the English tear the throat of his brother."

"The charge is a strange one, Sanutee, and I do not understand it. But you are angered now, and perhaps with reason. I shall see you hereafter. I will myself bring to Pocota-ligo the dog that I promise you."

"Sanutee would not see the young brave of the English at Pocota-ligo. Pocota-ligo is for the Yemassees. Let the

Coosaw-killer not come. It is the season of the corn, and the Yemassee will gather to the festival."

"The green corn festival! I must be there, Sanutee, and you must not deny me. You were not wont to be so inhospitable, old chief. I would partake of the venison—some of this fine buck which the hands of Matiwan will dress for the warrior's board this very evening."

"You touch none of that buck, either of you," said the sailor. "So be not so free, young master. It's my game, and had the red-skin been civil, he should have had his share in it; but, as it is, neither you nor he lay hands on it."

"Why, how now, churl?" responded the Englishman. "Is this a part of the world where civility is so plentiful that you must fight and quarrel to avoid a surfeit? Take your meat, for a surly savage as you are, and be off as quickly as you can; and may the first mouthful choke you. We are two, you see; and here's my Hector, who's a little old to be sure, but is more than your match now"—and as the Englishman spoke, he pointed to the figure of a sturdy black, approaching the group from the copse.

"And I care not if you were two dozen. You don't scare me with your numbers. I shan't go till it suits my pleasure."

"Pshaw!" replied the cavalier,¹ turning from the fellow with contempt, and once more addressing the red chief.

"Sanutee, do you really [mean that you would not see me at Pocota-ligo. I meant to go home with you this very night."

Sanutee replied sternly:

"The great chief of the Yemassees will go alone. He wants not that the Coosaw-killer should darken the lodge of Matiwan. Let Harrison"—and as he addressed the Englishman by his name, he placed his hand kindly upon his shoulder,—“let Harrison go down to his ships—let him go with the

¹ See Introduction—Historical Sketch.

pale-faces¹ to other lands. Pocota-ligo is for the Manneyto—it is holy ground.”

“But white men are in Pocota-ligo—is not Granger there, the fur trader?”

“He will go,” replied the chief, evasively.

“Sanutee, let there be no misunderstanding between us and our people. Is there anything of which you complain? If you have had wrong from our young men, I would have justice done you.”

“The Yemassee is not a child—he is strong, he has knife and hatchet. He begs not for the justice of the English.”

“Yet, whether you beg for it or not, what wrong have they done you, that they have not been sorry?”

“Sorry—will sorry make the dog of Sanutee to live?”

“Is this the wrong of which you complain, Sanutee? Such wrongs are easily repaired. But you are unjust in the matter. The dog assaulted the stranger, and what he did seems to have been done in self-defence. The deer was his game.”

“Ha, does Harrison see the arrow of Sanutee?” and he pointed to the broken shaft still sticking in the side of the animal.

“True, that is your mark, and would have been fatal without the aid of gunshot. The other was more immediate in effect.”

“It is well. Sanutee speaks not for the meat, nor for the dog. He begs no justice from the English, and their braves may go to the far lands in their ships, or they may hold fast to the land which is the Yemassee’s. The sun and the storm are brothers—Sanutee has said.”

Harrison was about to reply, when his eye caught a glimpse of another person approaching the scene. He was led to observe him, by noticing the glance of the sailor anxiously fixed in the same direction. Following closely his gaze, while still arguing with Sanutee, he discovered in the new comer

¹ *i.e.*, the white men.

the person of one of the most subtle chiefs of the Yemassee nation—Ishiagaska by name. A glance of recognition passed over the countenance of the sailor, but the features of the savage were immovable. Harrison watched both of them, as the new comer approached, and he was satisfied from the expression of the sailor that the parties knew each other. Once assured of this, he determined that his presence should offer no interruption to their freedom; and, with a few words to Ishiagaska and Sanutee, of civil wishes and a passing inquiry, the Englishman, who, from his past conduct in the war of the Carolinians with the Coosaws, had acquired among the Yemassees, according to the Indian fashion, the imposing epithet of *Coosah-moray-te*—or, as it has been Englished, the killer of the Coosaws—took his departure from the scene, followed by the black slave Hector. As he left the group he approached the sailor, who stood a little apart from the Indians, and with a whisper, addressed him in a sentence which he intended should be a test.

“Hark ye, Ajax;¹ take advice, and be out of the woods as soon as you can, or you will have a long arrow in your ribs.”

“Keep your advice for a better occasion, conceited whippersnapper as you are. You are more likely to feel the arrow than I am.”

Harrison noted well the speech, which in itself had little meaning, but it conveyed a consciousness of security on the part of the seaman, after his previous combat with Sanutee, greatly out of place, unless he possessed some secret resources upon which to rely. The instant sense of Harrison readily felt this, but contenting himself with what had been said, he turned away with a lively remark to the group at parting, and, followed by Hector, was very soon hidden from sight in the neighboring forest.

¹ the name of an ancient Greek hero; used here in derision.

CHAPTER VII.

HECTOR MUST TRACK THE SAILOR.

HARRISON, followed closely by his slave, silently entered the forest, and was soon buried in subjects of deep meditation, which, hidden as yet from us, were in his estimation of the last importance. For some time he continued in a state of mental abstraction, which was perfectly mysterious to his attendant. Hector, though a slave, was a favorite, and his offices were rather those of the humble companion than of the servant. He regarded the present habit of his master with no little wonderment; but he knew better than to break in upon his mood, and simply kept close at hand, to meet any call that might be made upon his attention. They soon reached a small knoll of green overlooking the river, which, swollen by a late freshet, had overflowed its banks, and now ran along with some rapidity below them. Beyond, and down the stream, a few miles off, lay the little vessel to which we have already given a moment's attention. Her presence seemed to be as mysterious in the eye of Harrison, as, previously, it had appeared to that of Sanutee.

"Hector," said his master, calling the slave, while he threw himself lazily along the knoll, "Hector."

"Yes, sah—Maussa."

"You marked that sailor fellow, did you, Hector?"

"I bin see um, Maussa."

"What is he? What do you think of him?"

"I tink noting bout 'em, sah. No like he look."

"Nor I, Hector. He comes for no good. We must see to him."

"I tink so, Maussa."

"Now—look down the river. When did that strange vessel come up?"

"Nebber see 'em till dis morning, Maussa. Mass Nichol,

de doctor, wha' talk so big—da him fuss show 'em to me dis morning."

"What said Nichols?"

"He say 'tis English ship; den he say 'tis Dutch—but soon he change he min', and say 'tis little Dutch and little Spaniard; after dat he make speech to Mass Hugh Grayson."

"What said Grayson?"

"He laugh at de doctor, make de doctor cross."

"But did Grayson say anything about the vessel?"

"He look at 'em long time, sah, but he nebber say noting; but wid long stick he write letter in de sand. Dat young Grayson, Mass Charles—he berry strange gentleman."

"How often must I tell you, Hector, not to call me by any name here but Gabriel Harrison? Will you never remember, you scoundrel?"

"Ax pardon, Maussa—'member next time."

"Do so, old boy, or we quarrel:—and now, hark you, Hector, since you know nothing of this vessel, I'll make you wiser. That craft is no trader. She carries guns, but conceals them with box and paint. I looked on her closely this morning. Her paint is Spanish, not English. Besides, if she were English, what would she be doing here? Why run up this river, without stopping at Charleston or Port Royal—why keep from the landing here, avoiding the whites; and why is her officer pushing up into the Indian country beyond our purchase?"

"He hab 'ting for sell de Injins, I speck, Maussa."

"Scarcely—they have nothing to buy with. It is only a few days since Granger came up from Port Royal, where he had carried all the skins of their last great hunt, and it will be two weeks at least before they go on another. No—no. They get from us what we are willing to sell them; and this vessel brings them those things which they cannot get from us—fire-arms and ammunition, Hector."

"You tink so, Maussa?"

"You shall find out for both of us, Hector. Now, hear me.

This sailor fellow comes from St. Augustine, and brings arms to the Yemassees. I know it, else why should he linger behind with Sanutee and Ishiagaska, after his quarrel with the old chief? I saw his look of recognition to Ishiagaska, although the savage kept his eye cold—and—yes, it must be so. You shall go,” said his master, half musingly. “You shall go. When did Granger cross to Pocota-ligo?”

“Dis morning, Maussa.”

“Did the commissioners go with him?”

“No, sah: only tree gentlemans gone wid him.”

“Who were they?”

“Sah Edmund Bellinger, who lib close ’pon Asheepoh—Mass Steben Latham, and nodder one—I no hab he name.”

“Very well—they will answer well enough for commissioners. Where have you left Dugdale?”

“I leff um wid de blacksmith,—down pass de Chief Bluff.”

“Good; and now, Hector, you must take the track after this sailor.”

“Off hand, Maussa?”

“Yes, at once. Take the woods here, and make the sweep of the cypress, so as to get round them. Keep clear of the river, for that sailor will make no bones of carrying you off to St. Augustine, or to the West Indies, if he gets a chance. Watch if he goes with the Indians. See all that you can of their movements, and let them not see you.”

“And whay I fin’ you, Maussa, when I come back? At de parson’s, I speck.” The slave smiled knowingly as he uttered the last member of the sentence, and looked significantly into the face of his master, his mouth showing his full white array of big teeth, stretching like those of a shark, from ear to ear.

“Perhaps so,” said his master, “if you come back soon. I shall be there for a while; but to-night you will probably find me at the Block House. Away now, and see that you sleep not; keep your eye open lest they trap you.”

CHAPTER VIII.

WHY HE HATED THE CAPTAIN.

PROMISING strict watchfulness, the negro took his way back into the woods, closely following the directions of his master. Harrison, meanwhile, rose from the turf, and darted forward in a fast walk in the direction of the white settlements; still, however, keeping as nearly as he might to the banks of the river, and with an eye that closely scanned the appearance of the little vessel which had occasioned so much doubt and inquiry. The fact that the vessel was a stranger, and that her crew and captain had kept aloof from the whites, and had sent their boat to land at a point within the Indian boundary, was enough to prompt the most exciting surmises. Harrison being also aware, by previous information, that Spanish guardacostas, as the cutters employed at St. Augustine for the protection of the coast were styled, had been seen to put into almost every river and creek in the English territory, from St. Mary's to Hatteras, and within a recent period, the connected circumstances were well calculated to excite the scrutiny of all well-intentioned citizens.

The settlement of the English in Carolina was yet in its infancy; and the great jealousy which their progress had occasioned in the minds of their Indian neighbors, was stimulated by the artifices of the Spaniards, as well of St. Augustine as of the Island of Cuba. The utmost degree of caution against enemies so powerful and so easily acted upon, was absolutely necessary. Harrison had traced out a crowd of circumstances, of most imposing character and number, in the events of the time, of which few if any in the colony besides himself, had any idea. Perhaps it was his particular charge to note these things—his station, pursuit—his duty, which, by placing upon him some of the leading responsibilities of the infant society in which he lived, had made him more ready in

such an exercise than was common among those around him. On this point we can now say nothing, being as yet quite as ignorant as those who go along with us. As we proceed we shall probably all grow wiser.

While Harrison rambled along the river's banks, a friendly voice hallooed to him from its bosom, where a pettiauger,¹ urged by a couple of sinewy rowers, was heaving to the shore.

"Halloo, captain, I'm so glad to see you."

"Ah, Grayson," he exclaimed to the one, "how do you fare?"—to the other, "Master Hugh, I give you good day."

The two men were brothers, and the difference made in Harrison's address between the two simply indicated the different degrees of intimacy between them and himself.

"We've been hunting, captain, and have had glorious sport," said the elder of the brothers, known as Walter Grayson—"two fine bucks and a doe. We bagged our birds at sight. Not a miss at any. And here they are. Shall we have you to sup with us to-night?"

"Hold me willing, Grayson, but not ready. I have labors for to-night will keep me from you. But make my respects to your mother; and if you can let me see you at the Block House to-morrow, early morning, do so, and hold me your debtor for good service."

"I will be there, captain, God willing, and shall do as you ask. I am sorry you can't come to-night."

"So am not I," said the younger Grayson, as, making his acknowledgments, Harrison pushed out of sight and re-entered the forest. The boat touched the shore, and the brothers leaped out, pursuing their talk, and taking out their game as they did so.

"So am not I," repeated the younger brother, gloomily; "I would see as little of that man as possible."

"And why, Hugh? In what does he offend you?" was the inquiry of his companion.

¹ small boat driven by oars.

"I know not—but he does offend me, and I hate him."

"And wherefore, Hugh? What has he done—What said? You have seen little of him to judge. Go with me to-morrow to the Block House—see him—talk with him. You will find him a noble gentleman."

And the two brothers continued the subject while moving homeward with the spoil.

"I would not see him, though I doubt not what you say. I would rather my impressions of him remain as they are."

"Hugh Grayson, your perversity comes from a cause you would blush that I should know; you dislike him, brother, because Bess Matthews does not."

The younger brother threw from his shoulder the carcass of the deer which he carried, and with a broken speech, but a fierce look and angry gesture, confronted the speaker.

"Walter Grayson, you are my brother; but do not speak on this subject again. I cannot like that man for many reasons; and not the least of these is that I cannot so readily as yourself, acknowledge his superiority, while, perhaps, not less than yourself, I cannot help but feel it. Go—worship him yourself; but do not call upon me to do likewise."

"Take up the meat, brother, and be not wroth with me. We are what we are. We are unlike each other, though brothers, and perhaps cannot help it. But one thing—try and remember, in order that your mood may be kept in subjection—try and remember our old mother."

A few more words of sullen dialogue, and the two brothers passed into a narrow pathway leading to a cottage, where, at no great distance, they resided.

CHAPTER IX.

BESS.

THE soft sunset of an April sky lay beautifully over the scene that afternoon. Embowered in trees, with a gentle

esplanade running down to the river, stood the pretty cottage in which lived the pastor of the settlement, John Matthews, his wife, and daughter Elizabeth. The dwelling was enclosed with sheltering groves, through which, at spots here and there, peered forth its well whitewashed veranda. The river, a few hundred yards in front, wound pleasantly along, making a circuitous sweep just at that point, which left the cottage upon something like an isthmus, and made it a prominent object to the eye in an approach from either end of the stream.

Gabriel Harrison, as our new acquaintance has been pleased to style himself, was seen towards sunset, emerging from the copse which grew alongside the river, and approaching the cottage. Without scruple he lifted the wooden latch which secured the gate of the little paling fence running around it, and slowly moved up to the entrance. His approach had not been entirely unobserved. A bright pair of eyes, and a laughing, young, even girlish face were peering through the green leaves which almost covered it in. As the glance met his own, the expression of thoughtfulness departed from his countenance; and he now seemed only the playful and gentle-natured being she had been heretofore accustomed to regard him.

"Ah, Bess, dear Bess—still the same, my beauty; still the laughing, the lovely, the star-eyed——"

"Hush, hush, you noisy and wicked—not so loud; mother is busily engaged in her evening nap, and that long tongue of yours will not make it sounder."

"A sweet warning, Bess—but what then, child? If we talk not, we are like to have a dull time of it."

"And if you do, and she wakes without having her nap out, we are like to have a cross time of it; and so, judge for yourself which you would best like."

"I'm dumb,—speechless, my beauty, as a jay on a visit! See now what you will lose by it."

"What shall I lose, Gabriel?"

“My fine speeches—your own praise—no more eloquence and sentiment.”

“Will you never be quiet, Gabriel?”

“How can I, with so much that is disquieting near me? Quiet, indeed! Why, Bess, I never look upon you—I never think of you, but my heart beats, my veins tingle, and my pulses bound—and you know not, dear Bess, how much I have longed, during the last spell of absence, to be near, and again to see you.”

“Oh, longed for me, indeed, and so long away! Why, where have you been all this while, and what is the craft which keeps you away? Am I never to know the secret?”

“Not yet, not yet, sweetest; but a little while, my most impatient beauty, and you shall know all and everything.”

“Shall I? But, ah! how long have you told me so—years, I’m sure——”

“Scarcely months, Bess—your heart is your bookkeeper——”

He was interrupted by a voice of inquiry from within, demanding of Bess with whom she spoke.

“With Gabriel—with Captain Harrison—mother.”

“Well, why don’t you bring him in? Have you forgotten your manners, Bess?”

“No, mother, but—come in, Gabriel, come in:”——and as she spoke, she extended her hand, which he carried to his lips, and maintained there, in spite of all her resistance, while passing into the entrance and before reaching the apartment.

CHAPTER X.

PASTOR MATTHEWS.

THE good old dame, a tidy, well-preserved antique, received the visitor with regard and kindness, and, though evidently but half recovered from a sound nap, proceeded to chatter with him and at him. It was not long before Mr. Matthews

himself made his appearance, and courtesies were duly extended by him to the guest of his wife and daughter; but there seemed a something of backwardness, a chilly repulsiveness in the manner of the old gentleman, quite repugnant to the habits of the country, and not less so to the feelings of Harrison. For a brief period, indeed, the cold deportment of the pastor had the effect of somewhat freezing the warm blood of the cavalier, arresting the freedom of his speech, and flinging a chilling spell over the circle.

The old man was a stern Presbyterian and not a little annoyed by the course of government and legislation pursued by the Proprietary Lords of the province, which, in the end, brought about a revolution in Carolina, resulting in the transfer of their colonial rights and the restoration of their charter to the crown. The leading proprietors were generally of the Church of England, and forgetting their pledges, given at the settlement of the colony—not to interfere in the popular religion—they proceeded, soon after the colony began to flourish, to the establishment of a regular church, and, from step to step, had at length gone so far as to exclude from all representation in the colonial assemblies, such portions of the country as were chiefly settled by other sects. The region in which we find our story, shared in this exclusion; and to a man like Matthews, who was somewhat stern of habit and cold of temperament, the bearing of Harrison—his dashing, free, unrestrainable carriage, directly adverse to Puritan rule and usage—was particularly offensive. For a little while after his entrance the dialogue was constrained and very chilling, and Harrison grew dull under its influence. Some family duties at length demanding the absence of the old lady, Bess took occasion to follow; and the circumstance seemed to afford the pastor a chance for the conversation which he desired.

“Master Harrison,” said he, gravely, “I have just returned from a visit to Port Royal Island and to Charleston.”

"Indeed, sir—I was told you had been absent, but knew not certainly where you had gone. How did you travel?"

"By canoe, sir, to Port Royal and then by Miller's sloop to Charleston."

"Did you find all things well, sir, in that quarter, and was there any thing from England?"

"All things were well, sir; there had been a vessel with settlers from England."

"What news, sir—what news?"

"The death of her late majesty, Queen Anne, whom God receive——"

"Amen! But the throne," was the impatient inquiry; "the succession?"

"The throne, sir, is filled by the Elector of Hanover——"

"Now may I hear falsely, for I would not heed this tale! What—was there no struggle for the Stuart²—no stroke? Now shame on the people so little loyal to the true sovereign of the realm!" and as Harrison spoke, he rose, and paced hurriedly over the floor.

"You are fast, too fast, Master Harrison; there had been strife and a brief struggle, though, happily for the nation, a successless one to lift once more into the high places of power that bloody and witless family³—the slayers and the persecutors of the saints.⁴ But thanks be to the God that breathed upon the forces of the foe, and shrunk up their sinews. The strife is at rest there; but when, oh Lord, shall the persecutions of thy servants cease here!"

The old man paused, while Harrison continued to pace the

¹ In former times certain princes of Germany had the right of electing the emperors, hence they got the title of *electors*. George I., who became King of England on the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, was Elector of Hanover.

² meaning James Francis Edward Stuart, son of King James II. James was deposed from the throne of England in the Revolution

of 1688, and for more than half a century afterwards his family continued to claim the crown.

³ the family of Stuart, to which King James II. belonged. See Introduction—Historical Sketch.

⁴ meaning the Puritans and referring to their persecution in England under the Stuarts.

floor in deep meditation. At length the pastor again addressed him, though upon a very different subject.

"Master Harrison," said he, "I have told thee that I have been to Charleston—perhaps I should tell thee that it would have been my pleasure to meet with thee there."

"I have been from Charleston some weeks, sir," was the somewhat hurried reply. "I have had labors upon the Ashepoo, and even to the waters of the Savannah."

"I doubt not—I doubt not, Master Harrison, thy craft carries thee far, and thy labors are manifold; but what is that craft, Master Harrison? And, while I have it upon my lips, let me say that it was matter of surprise in my mind, when I asked after thee in Charleston, not to find any wholesome citizen who could point out thy lodgings, or to whom thy mere name was a thing familiar. Vainly did I ask after thee—none said for thee, Master Harrison is a good man and true."

"Indeed! the savages," spoke the person addressed, with a most provoking air of indifference; "and so, Mr. Matthews, your curiosity went without profit in either of those places?"

"Entirely, sir; and I would even have sought that worthy gentleman, Lord Craven, for his knowledge of thee, if he had aught to say, but that he has gone forth upon a journey."

"That would have been lifting a poor gentleman like myself into undeserving notice, to have sought for him at the hands of Governor Craven. Permit me to say, sir, that a little more plain confidence in Gabriel Harrison would have saved thee the trouble thou hast given thyself in Charleston. I know well enough, and should willingly have assured thee, that thy search after Gabriel Harrison in Charleston would be as wild as that of the old Spaniard¹ among the barrens of Florida for the waters of an eternal youth. He has neither chick nor child, nor friend nor servant, either in Charleston

¹ Ponce de Leon, discoverer of Florida. It is said that his expedition to Florida was in search of the Fountain of Youth, a

miraculous fountain, whose waters were fabled to have the property of renewing youth.

or in Port Royal, and men there may not well answer for one whom they do not often see unless as a stranger. Gabriel Harrison lives not in those places, Master Matthews."

"It is not where he lives not that I seek to know, Master Harrison. Wilt thou condescend to say where he *does* live, where his name and person may be known, where his connections may be found, what is his craft,¹ what his condition?"

"A different inquiry that, Mr. Matthews, and one rather more difficult to answer—*now* at least. I must say to you, sir, as I did before, when first speaking with you on the subject of your daughter, that I am of good family and connections, drive no servile or dishonorable craft, am one thou shalt not be ashamed of—neither thou nor thy daughter; and, though now engaged in a pursuit which makes it necessary that much of my own concerns be kept for a time in secrecy, yet the day will come, and I look for it to come ere long, when all shall be known, and thou shalt have no reason to regret thy confidence in the stranger."

"This will not do for me, Master Harrison—it will not serve a father. On an assurance so imperfect, I cannot risk the good name and the happiness of my child; and, let me add to thee, Master Harrison, that there are other objections hostile to thy claim, even were these entirely removed."

"Ha! what other objections, sir? Speak."

"Many, sir; nor the least of these, thy great levity of speech and manner on all occasions; a levity which is unbecoming in one having an immortal soul, and discreditable to one of thy age."

"My age, indeed, sir—my youth, you will surely phrase it upon suggestion, for I do not mark more than thirty, and would have neither Bess nor yourself count upon me for a greater experience of years."

"It is unbecoming, sir, in any age, and in you shows itself quite too frequently. Then, sir, you sing mirthful songs,

¹ employment, business.

and sometimes employ a profane oath, in order that your speech may, in the silly esteem of the idle and the ignorant, acquire a strong and sounding force, and an emphasis which might not be found in the meaning and sense which it would convey. Thy common speech, Master Harrison, has but too much the ambition of wit about it, which is a mere crackling of thorns beneath the pot——”

“Enough, enough, good father of mine that is to be. I admit the sometime levity, the playfulness and the thoughtlessness, perhaps. I shall undertake to reform these when you shall satisfy me that to laugh and sing, and seek and afford amusement, are inconsistent with my duties either to the Creator or the creature. I will convince you, before many days, perhaps, that my levity does not unfit me for business—never interferes with my duties. I wear it as I do my doublet; when it suits me to do so, I throw it aside. Such, sir, is Gabriel Harrison—the person for whom you can find no kindred; an objection, perfectly idle, sir, when one thing is considered.”

“And pray, sir, what may that one thing be?”

“Why, simply, sir, that your daughter is to marry Gabriel Harrison himself, and not his kindred.”

“Let Gabriel Harrison rest assured that my daughter does no such thing.”

“We shall see. I don’t believe that. Gabriel Harrison will marry your daughter and make her an excellent husband, sir, in spite of you. More than that, sir, I will, for once, be a prophet among the rest, and predict that you too shall clasp hands on the bargain.”

“Indeed!”

“Ay, indeed, sir. Look not so sourly, reverend sir, upon the matter. I am bent on it. You shall not destroy your daughter’s chance of happiness in denying mine. Pardon me if my phrase is something audacious. I have been a rover, and my words come with my feelings—I seldom stop to pick them. I love Bess, and I’m sure I can make her happy. When

the time comes—when I have safely performed other duties—I shall come to possess myself of my bride, and, as I shall then give you up my secret, I shall look to have her at your hands.”

“We shall see, sir,” was all the response which the bewildered pastor uttered to the wild visitor who had thus addressed him. The conversation now terminated, and Harrison seemed in no humor to continue it or to prolong his visit. He took his leave accordingly. The pastor followed him to the door with the stiff formality of one who appears anxious to close it on such visitor for ever. Harrison laughed out as he beheld his visage, and his words of leave-taking were as light and lively as those of the other were lugubrious and solemn. The pastor strode back to his easy chair and silent meditations. But he was aroused by the return of Harrison, whose expression of face was now changed to a reflective gravity.

“Mr. Matthews,” said he, “of one thing let me not forget to counsel you. There is some mischief afoot among the Yemassees. We shall not be long, I fear, without an explosion, and must be prepared. The lower Block House would be your safest retreat in case of time being allowed you for flight; but reject no warning, and take the first Block House if the warning be short. I shall probably be nigh, however, in the event of danger; and though you like not the name of Gabriel Harrison, its owner has some ability, and wants none of the will, to do you service.”

The old man, struck with the earnest manner of the speaker, begged to know the occasion of his apprehensions.

“I cannot well tell you now,” said the other, “but there are reasons enough to render caution advisable. Your eye has probably beheld the vessel in the river. She is a stranger, and I think an enemy. I suspect an agent of the Spaniard in that vessel. I know that sundry of the Yemassees have been for the first time to St. Augustine, and they have come home burdened with gauds and gifts. These are not given for nothing. But, enough—be on your watch; to give you more

of my confidence, at this moment, than is called for, is no part of my vocation."

"In heaven's name, who are you, sir?" was the earnest exclamation of the old pastor.

Harrison laughed again with all the merry mood of boyhood. In the next moment he replied, with profound gravity, "Gabriel Harrison, with your leave, sir, and the future husband of Bess Matthews."

In another moment he was gone, and, looking back as he darted down the steps and into the avenue, he caught a glance of the maiden's eye peering through a neighboring window, and kissed his hand to her twice and thrice; then, with a hasty nod to the wondering father, he dashed forward through the gate, and was soon upon the banks of the river.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BELT OF WAMPUM.

SANUTEE turned away from the spot whence Harrison had departed, and was about to retire, when not finding himself followed by Ishiagaska, and perceiving the approach of the sailor, his late opponent, and not knowing what to expect, whether peace or war, he again turned, facing the two, and lifting his bow and setting his arrow, he prepared himself for a renewal of the strife. But the voice of the sailor and of Ishiagaska at the same moment reached his ears in language of conciliation; and, resting himself slightly against a tree, he awaited their approach. The seaman addressed him with a manner now very considerably changed from what it was at their first encounter. He apologized for his violence, and for having slain the dog; and he begged the Indian to do with the venison as he thought proper, for it was now his own. Sanutee listened with contemptuous indifference, and simply replied:

“It is well—but the white man will keep the meat:—it is not for Sanutee.”

“Come, come, don’t be ill-favored now, old warrior. I’m sorry I killed the dog, but how was I to know he belonged to you?”

The sailor might have gone on for some time after this fashion, had not Ishiagaska, seeing that the reference to his dog only the more provoked the ire of the chief, interposed by an address to the sailor, which more readily commanded Sanutee’s consideration.

“The master of the big canoe—is he not the chief that comes from St. Augustine? Ishiagaska has looked upon the white chief¹ in the great lodge of his Spanish brother.”

“Ay, that you have, Indian, I’ll be sworn; and I thought I knew you from the first. I am the friend of the Spanish governor, and I come here now upon his business.”

“It is good,” responded Ishiagaska; and he turned to Sanutee, with whom, for a few moments, he carried on a conversation in their own language.

“Brings the master of the big canoe nothing from our Spanish brother? Hides he no writing in his bosom?” was the inquiry of Ishiagaska, turning from Sanutee, who seemed to have prompted the inquiry.

“I have brought you no writing, but here is something that you may probably understand quite as well. Here—this is what I have brought you. See if you can read it.”

As he spoke, he drew from his bosom a bright red cloth, not over six inches in width, but of several yards in length, worked over with symbols and figures of every kind and of the most fantastic description—among which were birds and beasts, reptiles and insects, rudely wrought, either in shells or beads, which, however grotesque, had yet their signification. This was the Belt of Wampum which among all the Indian nations formed a common language, susceptible of every variety of

¹ meaning the Spanish governor at St. Augustine,

use. By this instrument they were taught to declare hostility and friendship, war and peace. Thus were their treaties made; and, in the speeches of their orators, the Belt of Wampum, given at the conclusion of each division of the subject, was made to asseverate their sincerity. Each tribe affixed its totem,¹ or sign manual, to such a belt as that brought by the stranger; and this mode of signature bound it to the conditions which the other signs may have expressed.

The features of the chief Sanutee underwent a change from the repose of indifference to the lively play of the warmest interest, as he beheld the long folds of this document slowly unwind before his eyes; and, without a word, hastily snatching it from the hands of the seaman, he went on examining each figure upon the folds of the Wampum, numbering them carefully upon his fingers as he did so, and conferring upon their characters with Ishiagaska, whose own curiosity was now actively at work along with him in the examination.

"They are here, Ishiagaska, they have heard the speech of the true warrior, and they will stand together. Look, this green bird is for the Estatoe;² he will sing death in the sleeping ear of the pale warrior of the English."

"He is a great brave of the hills, and has long worn the blanket of the Spaniard. It is good," was the reply.

"And this for the Cussoboe—it is burnt timber. They took the totem from the Suwannee, when they smoked him out of his lodge."

"For whom speaks the viper-snake, hissing from under the bush?"

"For the Creek warrior with the sharp tooth that tears. This is their totem—I know them of old; they gave us sixty braves when we fought with the Chickasaws."

¹ a picture, as of a bird, beast, or other object, used by the Indians as the symbol of a family or tribe.

And they painted on the grave-posts
Of the graves, yet unforgotten,
Each his own ancestral *totem*,

Figures of the bear and reindeer,
Of the turtle, crane, and beaver.

—*Longfellow*.

² A tribe of the Cherokees, living in what is now Pendleton district.—*Author's Note*.

"I say, chief," said the sailor, pointing to the next symbol, which was an arrow of considerable length, "tell us what this arrow means here—I know it stands for some nation, but what nation? And speak now in plain English, if you can."

The chief comprehended the object of the sailor, though less from his words than his looks; and he replied proudly:

"It is the arrow, the arrow that came with the storm—it came from the Manneyto to the brave, to the well-beloved, the old father-chief of the Yemassee."

"Ah, ha! so that's your mark—totem, you call it! Well, it's a pretty long thing to burrow in one's ribs, and reminds me of the fellow to it that you so kindly intended for mine. But that's over now; so no more of it, old chief."

Neither of the Indians appeared to heed the speech of the sailor. They were too much interested by one of the signs which now met their eyes upon the belt, and which they did not seem to comprehend. The symbol was that of Spain, the high turrets and the wide towers of its castellated dominion, frowning in gold, and finely embroidered upon the belt. Explaining the mystery to their satisfaction, the sailor could not help dilating upon the greatness and magnificence of a people dwelling in such houses.

"That's a nation for you now, chiefs. Ah! it's a great honor, let me tell you, when so great a king as the King of Spain condescends to make a treaty with a wild people such as you are here."

Sanutee, simply pointing to the insignia, inquired:

"It is the Spanish totem?"

"Ay, it's their sign—their arms—if that's what you mean by totem. It was a long time before the Governor of St. Augustine could get it done after your fashion, till an old squaw¹ of the Cherokees fixed it up. And now the sooner we go to work the better. The governor has put his hand to the treaty; he will find the arms, and you the warriors."

¹ Indian woman.

"The Yemassee will speak to the governor," said Sanutee.

"You will have to go to St. Augustine, then, for he has sent me in his place. I have brought the treaty, and the arms are in my vessel ready for your warriors."

"Does Sanutee speak to a chief?"

"Ay, that he does, or my name is not Richard Chorley. I am a sea chief, a chief of the great canoe, and captain of as pretty a crew as ever riddled a merchantman."

"I see not the totem of your tribe."

"My tribe?" said the sailor laughingly; "my crew you mean. Yes, they have a totem, and as pretty a one as any on your roll. There, look," said he; and, as he spoke, rolling up his sleeve, he displayed a huge anchor upon his arm, done in gunpowder. This was the sort of writing which they could understand, and the bearing of the red chiefs towards the sea captain became more decidedly favorable.

"And now," said Chorley, "hear me, chiefs. I don't work for nothing; I must have my pay, and as it don't come out of your pockets, I look to have no refusal. And first to show that I mean to act as well as speak, here is my totem. I put it on, and trust to have fair play out of you." As he spoke, he took from his pocket a small leaden anchor. A thorn from a neighboring branch secured it to the wampum, and the engagement of the sea chief was duly ratified. Having done this, he proceeded to unfold his expectations. He claimed, among other things, in consideration of the service of himself and the fifteen men whom he should command in the insurrection, the possession of all slaves who should be taken by him from the Carolinians.

"I don't want better pay than that," said he, "but that I must and will have, or I strike no blow in the matter."

CHAPTER XII.

HECTOR A PRISONER.

THE terms of the seaman had thus far undergone development, when Sanutee started suddenly, and his eyes were busied in scrutinizing the little circuit of wood on the edge of which their conversation had been carried on. Ishiagaska betrayed a similar consciousness of an intruder's presence, and the wampum belt was rolled up hurriedly by one of the chiefs, while the other maintained his watchfulness upon the brush from whence the interruption appeared to come. There was some reason for the alarm, though the unpractised sense of the white man had failed to perceive it. It was there that our old acquaintance Hector, despatched as a spy upon the progress of those whom his master suspected to be engaged in mischief, had sought concealment while seeking his information. Unfortunately for the black, as he crept along on hands and knees, a fallen tree lay across his path, some of the branches of which protruded entirely out of the cover, and terminated within sight of the three conspirators, upon the open plain. Hector incautiously pushed forward over the tree, crawling like a snake, and seeking to shelter himself in a little clump that interposed itself between him and those he was approaching. As he raised his head above the earth, he beheld the glance of Sanutee fixed upon the very bush behind which he lay, the bow uplifted, and his eye ranging from stem to point of the long arrow. In a moment the negro sank to the level of the ground; but in doing so disturbed still more the branches clustering around him. He was just about to lift his head for another survey, when he felt the weight of a heavy body upon his back. Sanutee had swept round a turn in the woods, and with a single bound, after noticing the person of the spy, had placed his foot upon him.

“Hello, now, wha’ de debble dat? Git off, I tell you. Dis dah Hector! Wha’ for you trouble Hector?”

Thus the negro addressed his assailant, while struggling violently all the time. His struggles only enabled him to see his captor, who dragged forth the spy from his cover. He battled violently, threatening his captors dreadfully with the vengeance of his master; but his efforts ceased as the hatchet of Ishiagaska gleamed over his eyes. The cupidity of Chorley furnished them with a plan for getting rid of him. Under his suggestion, driving the prisoner before them, with the terrors of knife and hatchet, they soon reached the edge of the river, where the cruiser’s boat had been stationed in waiting. With the assistance of the two sailors in it, the seats were taken up, and the captive, kicking, struggling, and threatening, was tumbled in; the seats were replaced above him, the seamen squatted upon them, and every chance of a long captivity was the melancholy prospect in his thoughts.

The further conversation between the chiefs and the sailor took place on shore, and out of Hector’s hearing. In a little while it ceased; the Yemassees took their way up the river to Pocota-ligo, while Chorley, returning to his boat, bringing the deer along—which he tumbled in upon the legs of the negro—took his seat in the stern, and the men pulled steadily off for the vessel. As they pursued their way, a voice hailed them from the banks, to which the sailor gave no reply; but the voice was known to Hector as that of Granger, the Indian trader, and with a desperate effort, raising his head from the uncomfortable place where it had been laid on a dead level with his body, he yelled out to the trader. A blow from the huge fist of the sailor admonished him strongly against any future imprudence, while forcing him back to the shelter of his old position. There was no reply, that the negro heard, to his salutation; and, in no long time after, the vessel was reached. Hector was soon consigned to a safe quarter in the hold and kept to await the arrival of as many companions in captivity

as the present enterprise of the pirate captain, for such is Master Richard Chorley, promised to procure.

CHAPTER XIII.

MATIWAN'S SONG.

THE boats, side by side, of Sanutee and Ishiagaska, crossed the river at a point just below Pocota-ligo. It was there that Sanutee landed; the other chief continued his progress to the town. But a few words, and those of stern resolve, passed between them at separation. They were the words of revolution and strife, and announced the preparation of the people not less than of the two chiefs, for the commencement of that struggle with their English neighbors, which was now the most prominent idea in their minds. The night was fixed among them for the outbreak, the several commands arranged, and the intelligence brought by the sailor informed them of a contemplated attack of the Spaniards by sea upon the Carolinian settlements, while, at the same time, another body was in progress, over land, to coalesce with them in their operations. This latter force could not be very far distant, and it was understood that when the scouts should return with accounts of its approach, the signal should be given for the general massacre.

“They shall die, and their scalps shall shrivel around the long pole in the lodge of the warrior,” exclaimed Ishiagaska, fiercely, to his brother chief. The response of Sanutee was in a different temper, though recognizing the same necessity.

“The Yemassee must be free,” said the elder chief solemnly; “the Manneyto will bring him freedom—he will put the bow into his hands—he will strengthen him for the chase; there shall be no pale-faces along the path to rob him of venison. The Yemassee shall be free.”

“He shall drink blood for strength. He shall hunt the

track of the English to the shores of the big waters;¹ and the war-whoop shall ring death in the ear that sleeps," cried Ishia-gaska, with a furious exultation.

Thus for a little while they continued, until, having briefly arranged for a meeting with other chiefs of their party for the day ensuing, they separated, and the night had well set in before Sanutec reappeared in the cabin of his wife, his mind brooding over schemes of war and violence. He threw himself upon a bearskin, and Matiwan stood beside him. She was not young, she was not beautiful; but her face was softly brown, and her eye was dark, while her long black hair came down her back with a flow of girlish luxuriance. She brought him a gourd² filled with a simple beer extracted from roots of the forest, with the nature of which all Indians are familiar. He drank off the beverage, and, without speaking, returned the gourd to the woman. She addressed him inquiringly at last.

"The chief Sanutec has sent an arrow from his bow, yet brings he no venison from the woods?"

The speech reminded him of his loss, not only of dog, but deer; and he replied querulously :

"Has Matiwan been into the tree-top to-day, for the voice of the bird which is painted, that she must sing with a foolish noise in the ear of Sanutec?"

The woman was rebuked into silence for the moment, but with a knowledge of his mood, she sank behind him, upon a corner of the bearskin, and, as if singing for her own amusement, she carolled forth, in an exquisite ballad voice, one of those little fancies of the Indians, which may be found among nearly all the tribes from Carolina to Mexico. It recorded the achievements of that Puck³ of the American forests, the mocking-bird, and detailed the manner in which he procured his imitative powers. The strain, playfully simple in the

¹ meaning the Atlantic Ocean.

² the dried rind of the fruit so called, used as cups, bottles, etc., in the countries where it is found.

³ a fairy, also called Robin Good-fellow, a "shrewd and knavish sprite," celebrated in Shakespeare's play, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

sweet language of the original, must necessarily lose in the more frigid verse of the translator.

THE COONEE-LATEE, OR TRICK-TONGUE.

I.

As the Coonee-latee ¹ looked forth from his leaf,
He saw below him a Yemassee chief,
In his war-paint, all so grim.
Sung boldly, then, the Coonee-latee:
"I, too, will seek for mine enemy ;
And when the young moon grows dim,
I'll slip through the leaves, nor shake them,—
I'll come on my foes, nor wake them,—
And I'll take off their scalps like him."

II.

In the forest grove, where the young birds slept,
Slyly, by night, through the leaves he crept,
With a footstep free and bold—
From bush to bush, and from tree to tree,
They lay, wherever his eye could see,
The bright, the dull, the young, and the old;
"I'll cry my war-whoop," said he, "at breaking
The sleep that shall never know awaking,
And their hearts shall soon grow cold."

III.

But as nigher and nigher the spot he crept,
And saw that with open mouth they slept,
The thought grew strong in his brain—
And from bird to bird, with a cautious tread,
He unhook'd the tongue out of every head,
Then flew to his perch again.
And thus it is, whenever he chooses,
The tongues of all the birds he uses,
And none of them dare complain.²

¹ the mocking-bird.

² The grove is generally silent when the mocking-bird sings.—*Author's Note.*

The silly little ballad may have had its effect in soothing the humors of the chief, for which it was intended: but he made no remark. He seemed soothed, however, and when a beautiful pet fawn bounded friskingly into the lodge from the enclosure which adjoined it, and leaped playfully upon him, he encouraged its caresses, and suffered his hand to glide over its soft skin and shrinking neck. But suddenly the warrior started, and thrust the animal away from him with violence.

"Woman!" he cried, in a voice of thunder, "the white trader has been in the lodge of Sanutee."

"No! no! Sanutee,—the white trader,—no! not Granger. He has not been in the lodge of the chief."

"The beads, Matiwan!—the beads! See!" With the words, he caught the fawn with one hand, while with the other he tore from its neck a thick necklace, several strands of large particolored beads. Dashing them to the ground, he trampled them fiercely under his feet.

"The boy,—Sanutee—the boy, Occonestoga——"

"The dog! Came he to the lodge of Sanutee when Sanutee said no? Matiwan—woman! Thy ears have forgotten the words of Sanutee—thine eyes have looked upon a dog."

"'Tis the child of Matiwan—Matiwan has no child but Occonestoga." And she threw herself at the foot of her lord.

"Speak, Matiwan—darkens the dog still in the lodge of Sanutee?"

"Sanutee, no! Occonestoga has gone with the chiefs of the English, to talk in council with the Yemassee."

"Ha, thou speakest! Look, Matiwan—where stood the sun when the chiefs of the pale-faces came? Speak!"

"The sun stood high over the lodge of Matiwan, and saw not beneath the tree-top."

"They come for more lands; they would have all." As he spoke, he pointed to the beads which lay strewn over the floor of the cabin, and, with bitter speech, thus continued:

“What made thee a chief of Yemassee, Matiwan, to sell the lands of my people to the pale-faces for their painted glass? They would buy thee, and the chief, and the nation—and with what? With that which is not worth, save that it is like thine eye. Thou hast done wrong, Matiwan.”

“They put painted glass into the hands of Matiwan, but they asked not for lands; they gave it to Matiwan, for she was the wife of Sanutee the chief.”

“They lied with a forked tongue. It was to buy the lands of our people; it was to send us into the black swamps. But I will go. Where is the dog—the slave of the pale-faces? Where went Occonestoga with the English?”

“To Pocota-ligo—they would see the chiefs of Yemassee.”

“To buy them with the painted glass and red cloth and burning water. But they buy not Sanutee. I will go to Pocota-ligo. Look, Matiwan—the knife is in my hand, and there is death for the dog, and a curse for the traitor, from the black swamps of Opitchi-Manneyto.”

He said no more, and she, too, was speechless. She could only raise her hands and eyes, in imploring expression to his glance, as he rushed from the lodge and took the path to Pocota-ligo.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CHIEFS IN COUNCIL.

THE house of council, in the town of Pocota-ligo, was filled that night with an imposing conclave. The gauds and the grandeur, the rich pomps of civilization were wanting, it is true; but how would these have shown in that dark and primitive assembly. A single hall, huge and cumbrous, built of the unhewn trees of the forest, composed the entire building. A single door furnished the means of access and departure. The floor was the native turf, here and there concealed by the huge bearskin of some native chief, and they sat around, each in

his place, silent, solemn, the sagacious mind at work. Motionless, like themselves, stood the torch-bearers, twelve in number, behind them, and only varying their position when it became necessary to renew with fresh materials the bright fires of the ignited pine which they bore. These were all the pomps of the savage council.

Huspah was at this time the superior chief—the reigning king, if we may apply that title to the highest dignitary of a people with a form of government like that of the Yemassees. He bore the title of Mico, which may be rendered king or prince, though it was in name only that he might be considered in that character. He was not one of those men of great will who make royalty power, no less than a name. In this sense there was no king in the nation, unless it were Sanutee. Huspah was a shadowy head. The Yemassees were ruled by the joint authority of several chiefs, each controlling a special section with arbitrary authority, yet when national measures were to be determined upon, it required a majority for action.

These chiefs were elective, and from them the presiding chief was chosen; all without exception being accountable to the nation. It occurred sometimes that a favorite ruler, presuming upon his strength with the people, transcended the privileges of his station; but when the case did happen, the offender was made to suffer the penalties always consequent upon any outbreak of popular indignation. A chief has been known to enter into treaties unsanctioned by his brother chiefs; and, forming a party to sustain him, has brought about a civil war in the nation, and, perhaps, the secession, from the great body, of many of its tribes.

Among the Yemassees, Huspah, the oldest chief, was tacitly placed at the head of his caste, and these formed the nobility of the nation. This elevation was nominal, and without any advantages not shared in common with the other chiefs. The honor was solely given to past achievements; for at this time Huspah, advanced in years and greatly enfeebled, was almost

in his second infancy. The true power of the nation rested in Sanutee; his position was of all others the most enviable, as upon him the eyes of the populace generally turned in all matters of trying and important character. However reluctant, his brother chiefs were usually compelled to yield to the popular will, as it was supposed to be expressed through the lips of one styled by general consent the "well-beloved" of the nation. A superiority so enviable had the natural effect of making Sanutee an object of dislike among his equals.

Under this state of things it may be readily understood why the hostility of Sanutee to the approaching English should meet little sympathy with the majority of those around him. Accordingly, we find that as *thé* favorite grew more and more hostile to the intruders, they became, for this very reason, more and more favored by the party among the chiefs, which was envious of his position. No one knew better than Sanutee the true nature of the difficulty. It was this knowledge that chiefly determined him upon the conspiracy—the plan of which was only entrusted to the bosom of a few chiefs having like feelings with himself. These difficulties of his situation grew more obvious to his mind, as, full of evil auguries from the visit of the English commissioners, he took the lonely path from his own lodge to the council-house of Pocota-ligo.

He arrived just in season. As he feared, the rival chiefs had taken advantage of his absence to give audience to the commissioners of treaty from the Carolinians, charged with the power to purchase from the Yemassees a large additional tract of land. The whites had proceeded, as was usual in such cases, to administer bribes, in the shape of presents, to all such persons, chiefs or people, as seemed most able to serve them. Huspah, an old and drowsy Indian, tottering with palsy from side to side of the skin upon which he sat, was half smothered in the wide folds of a huge scarlet cloak which the commissioners had flung over his shoulders. Dresses of various shapes, colors, and decorations, had been given to each in

the assembly, and put on as soon as received. In addition to these, other gifts, such as hatchets, knives, beads, etc., had been made, so that, before the arrival of Sanutee, the minds of the greater number of the chiefs had been prepared to give gracious answer to all claims which the white commissioners should make.

Sanutee entered abruptly, followed by Ishiagaska, who, like himself, had just had intelligence of the council. There was a start in the assembly as the old patriot came forward, full into the centre of the circle, sternly dwelling in his glance upon the three commissioners, who sat a little apart from the chiefs, upon a sort of mat to themselves. Another mat held the presents which had been reserved for such chiefs as had not been present at the first distribution.

CHAPTER XV.

SANUTEE'S APPEAL.

THE survey of Sanutee, and the silence which followed his first appearance within the circle, lasted not long: abruptly, and with a glance almost exclusively given to the commissioners, he exclaimed, in his own strong language:

“Who came to the lodge of Sanutee to say that the chiefs were in council? Is not Sanutee a chief of the Yemassee, or have his brothers taken from him the totem of his tribe? Look, chiefs, is the broad arrow of Yemassee gone from the shoulder of Sanutee?”

And as he spoke, throwing the loose hunting shirt open to the shoulder, he displayed to the gaze of all the curved arrow upon his bosom, which is the badge of the Yemassee. The eye of the chief lowered scornfully as it swept the circle; then, throwing upon the earth the thick bearskin which he carried upon his arm, he took his seat, speaking as he descended:

"It is well—Sanutee is here in council—he is a chief of the Yemassee. He has ears for the words of the English."

Granger, the trader and interpreter, who stood behind the commissioners, signified to them the purport of Sanutee's speech, and his demand to hear anew the propositions which the English came to make. Sir Edmund Bellinger—then newly created a landgrave, one of the titles of Carolinian nobility—the head of the deputation, arose accordingly, and, addressing the newcomer, proceeded to renew those pledges which he had already uttered to the rest. His speech was interpreted by Granger, who, residing in Pocotaligo, was familiar with their language.

"Chiefs of the Yemassee," said Sir Edmund Bellinger, "we come from your English brothers, and we bring peace with this belt of wampum. They have told us to say to you that one house covers the English and the Yemassee. There is no strife between us—we are all the children of one father, and to prove their faith they have sent us with words of goodwill and friendship; and to you, Sanutee, as the well-beloved chief of the Yemassee, they send this coat, which they would have you wear in proof of the love that is between us."

Thus saying, the chief of the deputation presented a rich but gaudy cloak, such as had already been given to Huspah; but rejecting the gift, Sanutee sternly replied:

"Our English brother is good; but Sanutee asks not for the cloak. Does Sanutee complain of the cold?"

Granger rendered¹ this, and Bellinger addressed him in reply:

"Sanutee will not reject the gift of his English brother?"

"Does the white chief come to the Yemassee as a fur trader? Would he have skins for his coat?"

"No, Sanutee, the English chief does not barter for skins."

"He sends good words to the Yemassee, he gives him painted glass, and makes him blind with a water which is poison²—his

¹ *i. e.*, interpreted; translated,

² meaning whisky.

shot rings in our forests—we hide from his long knife in the cold swamp, while the copper snake creeps over us as we sleep.”

As soon as the deputy comprehended this speech, he replied:

“You do us wrong, Sanutee; you have nothing to fear from the English.”

Without waiting for the aid of the interpreter, the chief, who had acquired a considerable knowledge of the simpler portions of the language, and to whom this sentence was clear enough, indignantly exclaimed in his own:

“Fear!—Sanutee has no fear of the English—he fears only the Manneyto. He only fears that the great chiefs of the Yemassee may sell him for a slave to the English. But let the ears of the chiefs hear the voice of Sanutee—the Yemassee shall *not* be the slave of the pale-face. Would the English have more land from the Yemassee? Let him speak. Granger, put the words of Sanutee in his ear.”

Granger did as directed, and Sir Edmund replied:

“The English do want to buy some of the land of your people——”

“And the coat is for the land,” quickly exclaimed the old chief, speaking this time in the English language.

“No, Sanutee,” was the reply; “the coat is a free gift from the English. They ask for nothing in return. But we would buy your land on the terms that we bought from the Cassique¹ of Combahee.”

“The Cassique of Combahee is a dog—he sells the grave of his father. I will not sell the land of my people. The Yemassee loves the old trees and the shady waters where he was born, and where the bones of the old warriors lie buried. Chiefs of the Yemassee, now hear. Why comes the English to the lodge of our people? Why comes he with a red coat to the Chief—why brings he beads and paints for the eye of a little boy? Why brings he the strong water² for the young man? He wants our lands. But we have no lands to sell.

¹ chief; prince.

² whisky.

The lands came from our fathers—they must go to our children. They do not belong to us to sell—they belong to our children to keep. We have sold too much land. Speak for the Yemassee, chiefs of the broad arrow—speak, Ishiagaska—speak, Choluculla—speak, thou friend of Manneyto—speak, prophet—Enoree-Mattee—speak for the Yemassee.”

To the great prophet of the nation, the latter portion of the speech of Sanutee had been addressed. He was a dark, stern-looking man, gaudily arrayed in a flowing garment of red, a present from the whites at an early period; while a fillet around his head, of cloth stuck with the richest feathers, formed a distinguishing feature of dress from any of the rest. His voice, next to that of Sanutee, was potential among the Indians; and the chief well knew, in appealing to him, Choluculla, and Ishiagaska, that he was secure of these, if of none other in the council.

“Enoree-Mattee is the great prophet of Manneyto—he will not sell the lands of Yemassee.”

“’Tis well—speak, Ishiagaska—speak, Choluculla,”—exclaimed Sanutee.

They replied in the same moment:

“The English shall have no land from the Yemassee. It is the voice of Ishiagaska—it is the voice of Choluculla.”

“It is the voice of Sanutee—it is the voice of the prophet—it is the voice of the Manneyto himself!” cried Sanutee, with a tone of thunder. But the voices which had thus spoken were all that spoke on this side of the question. The English had not been inactive, and what with the influence gained from their numerous presents and promises to the other chiefs, and the dislike which the latter entertained for the few more controlling spirits taking the stand just narrated, the minds of the greater number had been well prepared to make any treaty which might be required of them. Accordingly, Sanutee had scarcely taken his seat, when one of the most hostile among them, a brave but dishonest chief, now arose, and addressing

himself chiefly to Sanutee, thus furnished much of the feeling and answer for the rest:

“Does Sanutee speak for the Yemassee—and where are the other chiefs of the broad arrow? Where are Metatchee and Huspah—where is Oonalatchie, where is Sarrataha? Are they not here? They are not gone—they live and can speak for the Yemassee. Sanutee may say, Ishiagaska may say, the prophet may say—but they say not for Manneywanto. I am here—I—Manneywanto. I speak for the trade with our English brother. The Yemassee will sell the land to their brothers.” He was followed by another and another, all in the affirmative.

“Metatchee will trade with the English. The English is the brother to the Yemassee.”

“Oonalatchie will sell the land to our English brothers.”

And so on in succession, all but the first four speakers proceeded to sanction the proposed treaty, the terms of which had been submitted to them before.

CHAPTER XVI.

OCCONESTOGA IN PERIL.

SANUTEE listened to the votes in succession, approving of the trade, until, rising from a corner of the apartment in which he had till then kept out of the sight of the assembly, a tall young warrior staggered forth into the ring. He had evidently been much intoxicated, though now recovering from its effects; and, but for the swollen face and the watery eye, might well have been considered a fine specimen of manly beauty. When his voice, declaring also for the barter, struck upon the ear of the old chief, he started round as if an arrow had gone into his heart—then remained silently contemplating the speaker, who proceeded to eulogize the English as the true friends of the Yemassees. Granger, beholding the fingers of

Sanutee gripe the handle of his tomahawk, whispered in the ears of Sir Edmund Bellinger:

“Now would I not be Occonestoga for the world. Sanutee will tomahawk him before the stupid youth can get out of the way.”

Before the person addressed could reply to the interpreter, his prediction was, in part, and, but for the presence of the Englishman, would have been wholly accomplished. Scarcely had the young chief finished his speech, than, with a horrible yell, Sanutee leaped forward, and, with uplifted arm, would have driven the hatchet deep into the skull of the only half-conscious youth, when Sir Edmund seized the arm of the fierce old man in time to defeat the effort.

“Wouldst thou slay thy own son, Sanutee?”

“He is thy slave—he is not the son of Sanutee. Thou hast made him a dog with thy poison drink, till he would sell thee his own mother to carry water for thy women. Hold me not, Englishman—I will strike the slave—I will strike thee, too, that art his master;” and, with a fury which, to check, required the restraining power of half a dozen warriors, he labored to effect his object. They succeeded, however, in keeping him back until the besotted youth had been safely hurried from the apartment, when the old chief sank down again upon his bearskin seat, until the parchment conveying the terms of the treaty, with pens and ink, provided by Granger for their signatures, was handed to Huspah, for his own and the marks of the chiefs.

Sanutee looked on until one of the attendants brought in the skin of a dog filled with earth and tightly secured with thongs, giving it the appearance of a sack. Taking this sack in his hands, Huspah, who had been half asleep during the proceedings, now arose, and proceeded to the completion of the treaty by conveying the sack which held some of the soil to the hands of the commissioners. But Sanutee again rushed forward, and seizing the sack from Huspah, he hurled it to

the ground, trampled it under foot, and poured forth, as he did so, an appeal to the patriotism of the chiefs, in a strain of eloquence in his own wild language, which we should utterly despair to render into ours.

But he spoke in vain; he addressed ears more impenetrable than those of the adder. They had been bought and sold, and they had no scruple to sell their country. He was supported by the few who had spoken with him against the trade; but what availed patriotism against numbers? They were unheeded; and beholding the contract effected which gave up an immense body of their best lands for a strange assortment of hatchets, knives, blankets, beads, and other commodities of like character, Sanutee, followed by his three friends, rushed forth with a desperate purpose from the traitorous assembly.

CHAPTER XVII.

ENOREE-MATTEE'S DECREE.

SANUTEE, the "Well Beloved," was not disposed to yield up the territory of his forefathers without further struggle. The Yemassee were something of a republic, and the appeal of the old patriot now lay with the people. Not suspecting his design, the remaining chiefs continued in deliberations of one sort or another; while the English commissioners, having succeeded in their object, retired for the night to the dwelling of Granger, the Indian trader—a Scotch adventurer, who had been permitted to take up his abode in the village, and had contrived to secure much of the good will of the Yemassees.

Sanutee, meanwhile, discussed his proposed undertaking with his three companions, Enoree-Mattee, the prophet, Ishiagaska, and Choluculla, all of whom were privy to the meditated insurrection. He next sought out all the most influential and fearless of the Yemassees. Nor did he confine himself to these. The rash, the thoughtless, the ignorant—all were

aroused by his eloquence. To each he detailed the recent proceedings of council, and, in his own vehement manner, explained the evil consequences to the people of such a treaty; taking care to shape his information to the mind or mood of each individual to whom he spoke. To one he painted the growing insolence of the whites; to another, he described the ancient glories of his nation; to a third, he deplored the loss of the noble forests of his forefathers; to all, he dwelt upon the sacrilegious appropriation of the old burial-places of the Yemassee—one of which, a huge tumulus upon the edge of the river, lay almost in their sight. The effect of these representations coming from one so well beloved as Sanutee, was that of a moral earthquake; and his soul triumphed with hope as he beheld them rushing onwards in a crowd shouting furiously, as they shook the tomahawk in air:

“Sangarra, Sangarra-me, Yemassee! Sangarra, Sangarra-me, Yemassee!” the bloody war-cry of the nation.

To overthrow the power of the chiefs there was but one mode; and the violent passions of Sanutee and the chiefs who concurred with him, did not suffer them to scruple at the employment of any process for the defeat of the proceedings of the council. The excited chiefs, using all their powers of eloquence, succeeded in driving the infuriated multitude in the direction of the council house, where the chiefs were still in session.

“It is Huspah that has sold the Yemassee to be a woman,” was the cry of one—“Sangarra-me—he shall die.”

“They shall all die—have they not planted corn in the bosom of my mother?”—cried another, referring, figuratively, to the supposed use which the English would make of the lands they had bought; and they all struck their hatchets against the house of council, commanding the chiefs within to come forth, and deliver themselves up to their vengeance. But, warned of their danger, the beleaguered rulers had carefully secured the entrance. The obstacle thus offered to the progress

of the mob only served the more to inflame it; and a hundred hands were busy in procuring piles of fuel, with which to fire the building. The torches were soon brought, the blaze kindled at different points, and but little was now wanting to the conflagration which must have consumed all within or driven them forth upon the weapons of the besiegers; when, all of a sudden, Sanutee made his appearance, and with a single word arrested the movement.

“Manneyto, Manneyto!” exclaimed the old chief, with the utmost powers of his voice; and the eyes of the assembly followed the direction of his, and every bosom thrilled with the wildest throes of natural superstition, as they beheld Enoree-Mattee the prophet writhing upon the ground at a little distance, in the most horrible convulsions. His eyes were protruded, as if bursting from their sockets; while his hands and legs seemed doubled up like a knotted band of snakes huddling in uncouth sports in midsummer. A yell of savage terror then burst from the lips of the inspired priest, and rising from the ground, as one relieved, his tongue was loosed, and, with lifted hands, he poured forth a wild rhythmic strain, the highest effort of lyric poetry known to his people:

“Says Opitchi-Manneyto—
‘Shall the Yemassee give death
To the traitor, to the slave,
Who would sell the Yemassee—
Who would sell his father’s bones,
And behold the green corn grow
From his wife’s and mother’s breast?”

“‘Death is for the gallant chief,’
Says Opitchi-Manneyto—
‘Life is for the traitor slave,
But a life that none may know—
With a shame that all may see.’”

“Thus Opitchi-Manneyto.
‘Take the traitor chiefs,’ says he,
‘Make them slaves, to wait on me.”

Bid Malatchie take the chiefs,
He, the executioner—
Take the chiefs and bind them down,
Cut the totem from each arm,
So that none may know the slaves,
Not their fathers, not their mothers—
Children, wives, that none may know—
None shall know them, all shall flee;
Make them slaves to wait on me—
Hear Opitchi-Manneyto,
Thus his prophet speaks for him
To the mighty Yemassee.”

The will of the evil deity, thus conveyed to the Indians by the prophet, carried with it a refinement in the art of punishment to which civilization has not often attained. According to the superstitions of the Yemassees, the depriving the criminal of life did not confer degradation or shame; for his burial ceremonies were such as were allotted to those dying in the odor of favorable public opinion. But this was not the case when the totem of his tribe had been removed from that portion of his person where it had been the custom of the people to have it wrought; for, without this totem, no nation could recognize them, and, at their death, the great Manneyto would reject them from the happy valley, when the fierce Opitchi-Manneyto, the evil demon, was always secure of his prey.

Such was the terrific decree delivered by the prophet. A solemn awe succeeded this awful annunciation among the crowd, who now were as resolute to preserve the lives of the chiefs as they had before been anxious to destroy them. Within the council chamber all was confusion and despair. The shock of such a doom as that which the chiefs had heard pronounced came upon them like a bolt of thunder.

“There is death for Manneywanto,” exclaimed that fierce warrior; “he will not lose the arrow of his tribe. I will go forth to the hatchet. I will strike so that they shall slay.”

“Let them put the knife into the heart of Oonalatchie,”

cried another; "but not to the arrow upon his shoulder. He will go forth with Manneywanto."

The determination of the whole was soon made. Huspah tottered in advance, singing the song of death with which the Indian always prepares for its approach. The song became general with the victims, and with drawn knives and ready hatchets they threw wide the entrance, and rushing forth struck desperately on all sides. But forbearing to strike, the Indians were content to bear them down by the force of numbers. The more feeble among them fell under the pressure. But the strife was in a little time over. The chiefs still unhurt were all securely taken, bound with thongs, and borne away to the great tumulus upon which they were to suffer the judgment which they so much dreaded. There was no escape. They found no mercy. The knife sheared the broad arrow from breast and arm, and in a single hour they were expatriated men, flying desperately to the forests, homeless, nationless, outcasts from God and man, yet destined to live.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GRANGER'S WIFE WAS RIGHT.

MEANWHILE, the deputation of the Carolinians lay at the house of Granger, full of apprehensions for their safety. From their place of retreat, which lay on the skirts of the town and nigh the river, they could hear the outcries of the Indians without being acquainted with particulars; and when at length they beheld the flames ascending from the house of council—which, when they had seized upon the chiefs, the rioters had fired—believing the chiefs consumed in the conflagration, they gave themselves up for lost.

In this mood of mind they waited the coming of the storm; nor were they long kept in suspense. Having beheld the fearful doom carried into effect, and seen their ancient rulers

scourged out of the town, the revolutionists rushed headlong to the dwelling of the trader. The commissioners had barricaded the little dwelling as well as they could, and, doubtless, for a small space of time, would have made it tenable; but, fortunately for them, just as the furious savages were about to apply the fatal torch to the building, the appearance of Enoree-Mattee and Sanutee spared them an issue which could have only terminated in their murder. Sanutee, addressing the mob, controlled it in his own manner, and telling them that they wanted nothing from the English but the treaty, he engaged to them to effect its restoration, along with the skin of earth, which, completing the bargain, was held equivalent, in their estimation, to a completion of legal right as an actual possession. After some demur, Granger admitted the chief, who came alone to the presence of the deputation, the chairman of which thus sternly addressed him:

“Are the English dogs,” said Sir Edmund Bellinger, “that thy people hunt them with cries and fire? Wherefore is this, Sanutee?”

“The English have the lands of my people, and therefore my people hunt them. The bad chiefs who sold the land are chiefs no longer. Does the white chief hear my people? They cry for blood. They wait for the wampum—they would tear the skin which carries the land of the Yemassee;” and the chief, as he spoke, pointed to the treaty and the sack of earth which lay by the side of Bellinger. He proceeded to tell them that they should be secure when these were re-delivered to the Indians. But with the commissioners it was a point of honor not to restore the treaty, and the speech of the chief commissioner was instantaneous:

“Never, Sanutee, never—only with my blood. We shall fight to the last, and our blood be upon the heads of your people. They will pay dearly for every drop of it they spill.”

“It is well,” said Sanutee, “it is well. Sanutee will go back to his people, and the knife of the Yemassee will dig for his

land in the heart of the English." He left the house, accordingly, and, with gloomy resignation, Bellinger, with the other commissioners and Granger, prepared for the coming storm. The populace now chafed like a stormy ocean, and the cry for blood went up from a thousand voices. The torches were brought forward, and the deputies saw no hope even of a chance for the use of their weapons.

At that moment the wife of Granger, a tall, fine-looking woman, appeared from an inner apartment, and seizing the skin of earth and the parchment, threw open the door, and cried to Sanutee to receive them. Before the stern commissioner could interfere, the deposits, placed in the grasp of the savages, were torn into a thousand pieces.

"Woman, how durst thou do this!" was the first sentence of Bellinger. But she fearlessly confronted him:

"My life is precious to me, sir, though you may be regardless of yours. The treaty is nothing now to the Yemassees, who have destroyed their chiefs on account of it. To have kept it would have done no good, but must have been destructive to us all."

It was evident that she was right, and Bellinger was wise enough to see it. In a short time Sanutee reappeared among the commissioners.

"Sanutee is a friend of the English," was the soothing assurance of the wily chief. "The wise men of the English will soon go to their own people. The Yemassee will do them no hurt."

The commissioners prepared to go forth under the protection and presence of the old chief. Seeing that Granger and his wife remained, Sanutee asked why he did not prepare to go also. He answered by avowing his willingness still to remain in Pocota-ligo, as before, for the purpose of trade.

"Go—Sanutee is good friend to Granger, and to his woman. If Granger will not go from the Yemassee, look, the hatchet of Sanutee is ready"; and he raised it as he spoke.

Granger needed no second exhortation to remove. Packing up, with the aid of his wife, the little remaining stock in trade which he possessed, and which a couple of good-sized bundles readily comprised, they took their way along with the commissioners, and, guided by Sanutee, soon reached the river. Choosing for them a double canoe, the old chief saw them safely embarked. Taking the paddles into their own hands, the wayfarers descended the stream towards the Block House, while Sanutee watched their slow progress from the banks.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CAPTAIN'S SIGNAL.

THE fugitives reached the Block House in safety, and found a few hours of repose which they could snatch between the time of their midnight escape and daylight highly grateful, from the fatigues which they had undergone.

It was early sunrise when Gabriel Harrison, of whom we have seen little for some time, appeared on the edge of the little brow of hill, known as the Chief's Bluff, which overlooked the Pocota-ligo River. In the distance, some ten or twelve miles, lay the Indian town of the same name. Immediately before him, say one or two miles above, in the broadest part of the stream, rested the vessel, which has already called for some of our attention, and which, at this moment, seemed to attract no small portion of his. Sheltered by the branches of a single tree, which arose from the centre of the bluff, Harrison continued the scrutiny, with here and there a soliloquizing remark, until interrupted by the presence of the commissioners, who, with Granger, now came towards him from the Block House.

"Ha, Sir Edmund—gentlemen—how fares it, and when came you from Pocota-ligo?" was the salutation of Harrison.

"At midnight, my lord, and in a hurry. There has been

a commotion, and by this time, I doubt not, the Yemassees have cut the throats of all the chiefs friendly to our treaty."

"Indeed, but this is worse and worse. I feared something, and warned the council. But their cursed desire to possess the lands must precipitate all the dangers I have been looking for. How was it, Sir Edmund? Let us have particulars."

The circumstances were soon told, and the countenance of Harrison bespoke the anxious thoughts in his bosom. Turning to Granger, he addressed the trader inquiringly:

"What have you learned touching Ishiagaska? Was it as I feared? Had he been to St. Augustine?"

"He had, my lord——"

"Harrison—Captain Harrison," impatiently exclaimed the person addressed; "forget while here, that I have any other title. Go on."

"Ishiagaska, sir, and Choluculla, both of them have been to St. Augustine, and a week ago returned, loaded with presents."

"Ay, ay, the storm gathers, and we must look to it."

"What do you propose, my lord?" asked Sir Edmund.

"I might answer you, Sir Edmund, by asking you wherefore I am here. But please style me Master or Captain Gabriel Harrison. It is something of my game to see for myself the difficulties at hand, and for this reason I now play the spy."

"And think you that there is an insurrection at hand?"

"That, Sir Edmund, is my fear. It is vitally important that we should know. Our borderers are not willing to come out, unless for serious cause, and to call them out prematurely would not only tax the colony beyond its resources, but would dismiss the present rulers of the people, with curses both loud and deep. They are turbulent enough now, and this matter of religion, which our lords proprietors in England, the bigoted old Granville in particular, seem so willing to meddle with, has completely maddened these same people, in whose watery county of Granville we now stand."

"And what do you propose to do?"

“Why, to gain what information we can, before calling the people to arms. To render them cautious is all that we can do at present. But speed on your journey, gentlemen—the sooner the better. Make the best of your way to Charleston, but trust not to cross the land as you came. Keep from the woods; for I fear they will swarm before long with enemies. Do me grace to place these despatches safely with their proper trusts. The assembly will read them in secret. This to the lieutenant-governor, who will act upon it immediately. Despatch now, gentlemen—I have hired a boat, which Granger will procure for you from Grimstead.”

The commissioners were soon prepared for travel, and took their departure at once for the city. Granger, after they had gone, returned to the conference with Harrison at the Chief's Bluff.

“Have you seen Hector?” asked the latter.

“I have not, sir.”

“The blockhead has plunged into trap then, I doubt not. Confound him, for a dull beast! To be absent at this time, when I so much want him.”

While Harrison thus vented his anger, Granger, suddenly recollecting that he had been hailed the afternoon before by some one in a boat, as he was proceeding to join the commissioners in Pocotaligo, now related the circumstance.

“Ha—he is then in that sailor's clutches. But he shall disgorge him. I'll not lose Hector, on any terms. He's the prince of body servants. Look forth, Granger, and say what you think of the craft lying there at the Broad-bend.”

“I have watched her, sir, for the last hour. I think, sir, she's a pirate, or what's no better, a Spanish guardacosta.”

“You jump readily to a conclusion, Granger. Now hear my thought. That vessel comes from St. Augustine, and brings arms to the Yemassee, and urges on this very insurrection of which you had a taste last night. Well, we must get Hector

out of her jaws,—but stay, she drops a boat. Do you make out what comes in it?”

“Two men pull—a bluff, stout fellow sits astern, wears a blue jacket, and——”

“A gold chain?”

“He does, sir, with thick-hanging shining buttons.”

“The same. That’s Hercules or Ajax. I gave him one or other, or both names yesterday, and shall probably find another for him to-day; for I must have Hector out of him! He shapes for the shore—does he?”

“Yes, sir; and from his present course, he will make the parson’s landing.”

“Ha! Well, we shall be there, Granger; and, not to be unprovided with the means for effecting the escape of Hector, let us call up some of our choice spirits—some of the Green Foresters—they know the signal of their captain, and I left enough for the purpose at the smithy of Dick Grimstead. Come, man of wares and merchandises—be packing.”

Leading the way from the hill, Harrison, followed by Granger, descended to the level forest about a mile off, in the immediate rear of the Block House, and, placing his hunting horn to his lips, he sounded it thrice with a deep clear note, which called up a dozen echoes from every dell in the surrounding woods. The sounds had scarcely ceased before they were replied to, in a long and mellow roll, from one, seemingly a perfect master of the instrument, who poured forth a blast, followed by a warbling succession of cadences. From another point in the woods, a corresponding strain, thrice repeated, followed soon after, and announced an understanding among the parties.

“These are my Green Jackets, Granger; my own green jacket boys, true as steel, and swift as an Indian arrow. Come, let us bury ourselves a little deeper in the thick woods, where, in half an hour, you may see a dozen of the same color at the gathering.”

CHAPTER XX.

AN OLD PARISH ACQUAINTANCE.

THE boat from the unknown vessel reached the point jutting out into the river, in front of the dwelling of the old pastor; and the seaman, already introduced to our notice, leaving the two men in charge of it, took his way to the habitation in question. The old man received the stranger with all the hospitalities of the region, and ushered him into the presence of his family. In reply to an inquiry of the pastor, he gave a brief account of the nature of his pursuits in that quarter.

The trade in furs and skins was well known to be exceedingly valuable in many of the European markets; and with this declared object the seaman accounted for his presence in a part of the world not often honored with the visit of a vessel of so much pretension as that which he commanded. From one thing to another he went on—now telling of his own, and now of the adventures of others, and, bating an occasional oath, which invariably puckered up the features of the old Puritan, he contrived to make himself sufficiently agreeable. Bessy did not, it is true, incline the ear after the manner of Desdemona to her Blackamoor;¹ but in the anecdote of adventure, which every now and then enriched the rambling speech of their guest, either in the tale of his own, or of the achievements of others, it must be acknowledged that the simple girl found much to command her attention. Nor was he less influenced by her presence than she by his narrative. Having said enough, as he thought, to dazzle the imagination of the girl, he drew from his bosom a casket, containing a rich gold chain, and pressed it on her acceptance. Her modest but firm rejection of the gift compelled the open

¹ a Moor or negro. In Shakespeare's play, *Othello*, the Moor Othello is represented as having won the love of Desde-

mona by telling her stories of his adventures and achievements in war—"the battles, sieges, fortunes" he had passed.

expression of his astonishment. Turning to the old man, he said:

“Why, Matthews, you have made your daughter as great a saint as yourself. Ha! I see you stagger. Didn’t know me, eh? Didn’t remember your old parish acquaintance, Dick Chorley?”

The pastor looked at him with some interest.

“And are you the little Richard?”

“I was little enough when you knew me,—but I am big enough now, John Matthews, to have myself righted when wrong is done me. It is not now that the parish beadle¹ can flog little Dick Chorley.”

“Well, Richard, I am glad to find you so much better off in the world.”

“I’m doing well in the world, Matthews—drive a good trade,—own a half in as handsome a clipper as ever swum in the waters of the gulf; and, if the world will let me, I shall in little time be as good, that is to say as rich a man as any of them. If they won’t, they must look out for themselves.”

“One thing pleases me, at least, Richard,” said the pastor gravely, “and that is to find your pursuits such that you need not be ashamed of them.”

“Ay, ay, if it pleases you, I’m satisfied. You are a good judge of what’s right, and can say.”

“And where is your mother now, Richard?”

“Ask the parish church-yard—it has one grave more than when you left it; and though I’m bad at grammar, I could read the old woman’s name upon the stick at the head. When she died, I came off. If I ever go back, it will be to see the old beadle and that grave-stick. He broke her heart by his treatment to me, and I would break his skull upon her grave as a satisfaction to both of us. I did wrong when a boy, that’s like enough, but was my public disgrace to cure me of my wrong? They put me in the stocks,² and then expected me to be a good

¹ in England a parish officer whose business is to punish petty offenders.

² used in former times for punishing of-

fenders. It was a frame of wood with holes in which the ankles and wrists of the offenders were confined.

citizen. But let us say something now of yourself—and first, how do you like this part of the world?”

“As well as can be expected. I have quiet here, which I had not always in the turbulent changes of England. My family too are satisfied, and their contentment makes mine.”

“You’d find it better and pleasanter in Florida. I drive a good business there with the Spaniard. I’m rather one myself now, and carry his flag, though I trade chiefly on my own log.”

The dialogue was here broken in upon by the entrance of Harrison, who, in spite of the cold courtesies of the pastor, yet joined the little group with the composure of one perfectly satisfied of the most cordial reception.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONSTANTINE MAXIMILIAN NICHOLS.

BEFORE resuming with these parties, let us retire to the green wood with Harrison and the trader. We have heard the merry horn of his comrades responding freely to that of the former. “You shall see them,” said he to Granger—“brave fellows and true, and sufficient for my purpose. I can rely upon Grimstead the smith, and his brother, for I left them but a couple of hours ago at the smithy. Theirs was the first answer we heard. I know not who comes the second, but I look for Wat Grayson from that quarter, and sure enough he is here. Ha! Grayson, you are true and in time, as usual.”

“Well, captain, what’s the service now? I’m ready.”

“You shall soon see, Grayson. I wait for but a few more of the boys. Wind your horn, and let the men come freely.”

The horn was wound again, and in a few moments the sturdy blacksmith, Grimstead, followed by his younger brother, penetrated the little area, which was the usual place of assemblage. A moment after, a bustling little body, known as Dr. Nichols,

the only medical man in that region, also entered the ring, mounted upon a little ambling pony.

“Ha! doctor—our worthy Esculapius¹—how fares it? You come in time, for we look to have some bones for your setting before long,” exclaimed Harrison, addressing him.

“Captain Harrison,” responded the little professional, “it gives me pleasure to do my country service. I am proud that my poor ability may be called into exercise, though I should rather have you invoke my personal than professional offices.”

“We shall need both, doctor, most probably; but whom have we here to count on for a brush?”

“Count on Dick Grimstead, captain, and you may put down Tom with him.”

Harrison proceeded to enumerate and arrange his men, who soon, including himself and Granger, amounted to seven. He himself carried pistols, and the rifle already described. The rest had either the clumsy muskets of the time, or the tomahawk, an instrument almost as formidable. Some of them were dressed in the uniform of the Green Jackets, the corps which had been raised by Harrison in the Coosaw war, and which he commanded. Though ignorant entirely of his character and pursuits, yet his successful heading of them in that insurrection, not less than the affable and forward manner which characterized him, had endeared him to them generally; and they were content with this amount of knowledge of one whom they had learned not less to love than to obey.

Harrison looked round upon his boys, as he called them, not heeding sundry efforts which Nichols made to command his attention. Suddenly addressing Grayson, he asked:

“Where’s Murray?”

“Sick, captain—on the flat of his back. He lies sick at Joe Gibbons’, up by Bates’.”

“He must come from that, Grayson. It is too far from the

¹ the first and greatest of physicians, according to ancient Greek legend. He was the son of Apollo, god of medicine.

Block House. He is not safe there ; you must move him. The Yemasseees are at mischief, and we shall, before very long, have the war-whoop ringing in our ears. We must clear the borders of our people, or the Yemasseees will do it for us."

"And I'm ready, captain, as soon as they," exclaimed Grayson ; "and that's the notion of more than Wat Grayson. The boys generally long for something to do ; and, as we go up the river, the Indians get too monstrous impudent to be borne with much longer."

"It is well," said Harrison, "that you should be ready ; but it is for the council to make war and peace,—not for us. We can only provide for our defence in case of assault."

Nichols, now finding a favorable moment, in his usual swelling manner, addressed Harrison and the company. Nichols, we may mention, is an incipient demagogue. His hearers knew him well. His vanities were no new things to his present companions.

"Captain Harrison, understand me. I protest my willingness to volunteer in any matter for the good of the people. It is the part of the true patriot to die for the people, and I'm willing when the time comes. Prepare the block, unsheath the sword, provide the executioner,—and I, Constantine Maximilian Nichols, will freely yield up my poor life. But, captain, it must be clear to my mind that the end to be attained is of so great moment, that the means to be employed are warranted by the laws. Speak, therefore, captain, the design before us, and I will then declare myself."

Harrison, who knew the doctor as well as his neighbors, preserved his gravity, while the foresters laughed aloud. He answered :

"Come with us, doctor—your own mind shall judge."

He led the party to the Chief's Bluff, and from the eminence he pointed out to them where lay the boat of the schooner ; one of the seamen was rambling upon the land at a little distance from it, while the other lay in its bottom.

“Now, Constantine,” said he, “behold those men. I want them secured, bound hand and foot, and kept until farther orders.”

“Show me, Captain Harrison, that the peace of the country, or the liberties of the people, depend upon the measure, and I am ready to yield up my life in the attainment of your object. Until you do this, captain, I decline; and must furthermore lift up my voice in adjuration to those about me, against acting as you counsel, doing this great wrong to the men whom you have singled out for bondage, depriving them of their liberties, and possibly their lives.”

“You are scrupulous, doctor, and we shall have to do without you. We shall certainly secure those two men.”

“I shall warn them by my voice of your design upon them,” was the dogged resolve of the doctor.

“Of God’s surety, if you dare, Nichols, I shall tumble you headlong from the bluff,” sternly responded Harrison; and the patriot acknowledged, while shrinking back, that the threat offered quite a new view of the case. With the others Harrison found no difficulty. He proceeded:

“Those men must be secured—they are but two, and you are five. Tumble the dogs into the sand and rope them—but do them no more damage than is necessary for that. When you have done so, bring them round to Parson Matthews’, sound your horn, and I shall then do my share of the duty.”

Leaving them to the performance of this task, Harrison went to the cottage of the pastor; while the whole party, Nichols not excepted, went down the bluff, and came by a circuitous route upon the seamen. One of them slept in the boat and was secured without any difficulty. The other took to his heels on seeing the capture of his companion, but stood no manner of chance with the fleet-footed foresters. He was soon caught, and the prisoners were marched off to the cottage of the pastor.

CHAPTER XXII.

MASTER CHORLEY IN A STRAIT.

THE entrance of Harrison into the cottage of the pastor put a stop to the dialogue which had been going on between himself and the seaman. The reception which the host gave the new comer was coldly courteous—that of his lady was more grateful ; as for Bess, she feared to look up at all, lest all eyes should see how much kinder her reception would have been. Harrison saw all this, but the behavior of the pastor seemed to have no effect upon him. He rattled on in his usual manner, though with something of loftiness still, which appeared to intimate a character of condescension in his approaches.

“ Mr. Matthews, it gives me pleasure to find you well—better, I think, than when I had the pleasure to see you last. Ah ! Mrs. Matthews, growing young again, surely. Do you know I hold this climate to be the most delightful in the world. And you, Bess—Miss Matthews, I mean—still sweet, charming as ever. And my handsome Hercules—you here too ?—I left you in other company, when last we met, and am not sorry that you got off without being made to feel the long arrow of the Yemassee. Pray, how came you so fortunate ? Give us your secret, Hercules ? ”

“ Look ye, young master—I’m not angry, and not going to be angry, but my name is not Hercules——”

“ Not Hercules,—indeed !—then it must be Ajax. You have your choice, for you look any of these great men so well, that by one or other of their names I must call you.”

“ Hark ye, sir,” fiercely replied Chorley, “ I don’t know what ye may be, and don’t care ; but if you don’t mind your eyes, I’ll take your ears off, and slit your tongue.”

“ You’ll take my ears off and slit my tongue ! Why, Hercules, you’re decidedly dangerous. But I shall not tax your services so far.”

"Master Harrison," said the pastor, "this is my guest, and so are you; and mutual respect is due to my house and presence, if not to one another. The name of this gentleman is Richard Chorley, whose parents I knew in England as well as himself."

"Ha! Chorley—Master Chorley, your servant,—Hercules no longer. Forgive my merriment. Chorley, did you say—a good name—the name of a trader upon the Spanish Islands. Your craft lies in the river, and you come for trade. You have goods—fine stuffs for a lady's wear, and jewels—have you not jewels such as would not do discredit to a neck, white and soft? Have you no highly wrought gem and ornament—in the shape of cross and chain, which a sharp master of trade may have picked up among the Islands of the gulf?"

"And if I have?" sullenly responded the seaman.

"I would buy such a jewel—a rich chain, or the cross which the Spaniard worships. Wouldst thou wear such a chain of my giving, dear Bess—Miss Matthews, I mean?"

Before his daughter could speak, the old pastor sternly answered for her in the negative.

"My daughter wears no such idle vanities, Master Harrison," said he, "and least of all should she be expected to receive them from hands of which we know nothing."

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Chorley aloud, enjoying himself at the expense of his adversary.

"Well, Hercules, what do you laugh at? I will buy your chain, though the lady may or may not take it."

"You buy no chain of me, I think," replied the other—"unless you buy this, which I would have placed myself, as a free gift upon the neck of the young lady, before you came."

"You place it upon Bessy's neck! Why, Bully-boy, what put that extravagant notion into your head?" exclaimed Harrison scornfully.

"And why not, master?" inquired the seaman.

“Why not—indeed ! But it needs not to say it ! Will you sell your chain ?”

“Ay, that will I, but at a price something beyond your mark. What will you give now ?”

“Put like a trader—Granger himself could not have said it with more grace. I will give—” at that moment a blast of the horn announced to Harrison the approach of his party. Fixing his eye upon the person he addressed, he replied :

“I have the price at hand. What say you to my black fellow, Hector ? He is a fine servant, and as you have already stowed him away safely in your hold, I suppose you will not hesitate to ask for him three hundred pieces¹ in the Cuba market—something more, I fancy, than the value of your chain.”

The seaman was confounded—taken all aback—as well as the pastor and his family, at this unlooked for charge.

“Where, Master Harrison, did you say ?” inquired Matthews. “Where ? your fellow Hector ?”

“Ay, Hector, you know him well enough ! why, stowed away in the hold of this worthy fur trader’s vessel.”

“It’s a lie,” exclaimed the ferocious seaman, recovering from his momentary stupor.

Harrison turned to the ladies, who had been silent and astonished auditors—“Mrs. Matthews, and you, Bess, take to your chambers, please you, for a while. This business may be unpleasant, and not suited to your presence.”

“But, Captain Harrison, my son,” said the old lady, affectionately.

“Gabriel, dear Gabriel,” murmured the young one.

Harrison kissed his hands to mother and daughter, as, leading them to an inner door, he begged them to have no apprehension.

“There is no cause of fear—be not alarmed.”

Having dismissed the ladies, Harrison turned to Chorley, and putting his hand upon his shoulder, thus addressed him :

¹ piece, Spanish coin.

“Hark ye, Hercules, you can’t have Hector for nothing. The fellow’s in prime order—not old, and still active—besides he’s the most trustworthy slave I own, and loves me like a brother.”

The seaman, with many oaths, denied having him. But Harrison was cool and positive.

“Spare your breath,” said he contemptuously, “I know you have him. Give up Hector, then——”

“And what if I say no?” fiercely replied the seaman.

“Then I keep Hercules!” was the response of Harrison.

“We shall see that,” exclaimed the kidnapper—and drawing his cutlass, he approached the door of the cottage, in the way of which Harrison stood calmly. The latter drew forth a pistol from his bosom, coolly cocked and presented it with one hand, while with the other, raising his horn to his lips, he replied to the previous signal. In another moment the door was thrown open, and Granger, with two of the foresters, promptly appeared and ranged themselves round the apartment, so as to encircle the seaman.

“Captain Harrison,” interposed the pastor, “this violence in my house——”

“I deeply regret, Mr. Matthews——” was the reply, “but it is here necessary. Stand aside, sir, while we secure our prisoner. Well, Hercules, are you ready for terms now?”

Chorley roared out a defiance, and with a fierce oath, lifting his cutlass, he resolutely endeavored to advance. But the iron fingers of Dick Grimstead fixed the uplifted arm as firmly as if the vice of the worthy blacksmith had taken the grasp instead of his muscles.

“You see, Hercules, obstinacy won’t serve you here. I must have Hector, or I shall see the color of every drop of blood in your body. Listen, here are materials for writing. You shall forward despatches to your men for the delivery of my snow-ball. Hector I must have.”

“I will write nothing—my men are in the boat ; they will soon be upon you, and I will mark you for this.”

“Give up your hope, Bully-boy. I have taken care to secure your men and boat as fast and comfortably as yourself. You shall see that I speak truth.” Winding his horn as he spoke, the rest of the foresters appeared under the conduct of Nichols, who, strange to say, was now the most active conspirator, seemingly, of the party ; they brought with them the two seamen well secured by cords. Chorley saw that he was in a strait, and he wrote as he was required. Sullenly affixing the signature, he handed it fiercely to Harrison, who coolly read over its contents.

“So your name is really not Hercules, after all, but Chorley ? I shall only take the liberty of putting a small addition to the paper, apprising your men of the prospect in reserve for yourself, if they steer awkwardly.”

In an hour the men returned, bringing with them the now half frantic Hector. Chorley was instantly released, with his two companions. With a single word to the pastor, and a sullen repetition of a general threat to the rest, he was soon in his boat and upon the way to his vessel.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A WARNING TO THE PASTOR.

“I SAY it again, Captain Harrison—fortunate is it for mankind ;—Mr. Matthews, thrice fortunate, I say, is it for mankind that there are some spirits in the world, some noble spirits, whom no fear, no danger, not even the dread of death, can discourage or deter in their labors for the good of the people.”

The audience began to scatter.

“What,—will you not hear ?—Thus it is,—the blind and insensible mass!—they take the safety and the service, but

forget the benefactor. It is enough to make the patriot leave them to their fate."

"You had better go now, doctor, and see poor Murray. Talk of the good of the people, indeed, and leave the sick man without physic till this time of day."

"You are right in that, Master Grayson, though scarcely respectful. Captain Harrison—the man is deaf. Ah, Mr. Matthews—deaf, too! Farewell, Master Grayson, or do you ride towards Gibbons'? He turns a deaf ear also. Human nature—human nature!"

And with these words Constantine Maximilian Nichols left the house and moved off to the wood where his little tacky¹ stood in waiting. By this time the foresters had also left the pastor's cottage. Giving them instructions to meet him at the Block House, Harrison alone lingered behind with the old Puritan, to whom the preceding events had been productive of sore disquietude. He had shown his disapprobation at various stages; and even now, when the restoration of Hector showed the propriety of the course which had been pursued, the old man seemed still to maintain a decided hostility to the steps which Harrison had taken for the recovery of his property.

"This violence, Master Harrison," said he, "might do in a condition of war and civil commotion; but while there are laws for the punishment of the aggressor, the resort to measures like that which I have this day witnessed, I hold to be highly criminal."

"Mr. Matthews, you talk of laws, as if that pirate fellow could be brought to justice by a sheriff."

"And why should he not, Master Harrison?"

"My good sir, for the very best reason in the world. Because, in that vessel, carrying guns, and men enough to serve them, he could safely bid defiance to all the sheriffs you could muster. But there is a subject, Mr. Matthews, more impor-

¹ an ill-fed, ill-conditioned horse.

tant to yourself. You are here, residing on the borders of a savage nation, with an interest scarcely worth your consideration. Your purpose is the good of those around you, and with that object you suffer privations here, to which your family are not much accustomed. You are here upon the Indian borders. There is little real affinity between you. The entire white population, stretching for thirty miles towards the coast in this direction, does not exceed nine hundred men, women, and children. You live remotely from each other—and, bating an occasional musket, or sword, the hatchet and the knife are the only weapons which your houses generally furnish. The Indians are fretful and becoming insolent—”

“Let me interrupt you, Master Harrison. I have no fears! So far as my experience goes, the Yemassee were never more peaceable than at this moment.”

“Pardon me, sir, if I say you know little of the Indians. Are you aware of the insurrection which took place in Pocotaligo last night?”

“Insurrection at Pocotaligo?—what insurrection?”

“The chiefs were deposed by the people, and by this time are probably destroyed, for selling lands to the commissioners.”

“Ah! I could have said the why and the wherefore, without your speech, Captain Harrison. Why do we seek to rob them of their lands? When, O Father of mercies, shall there be but one flock of all classes and colors, all tribes and nations, of thy people, and thy blessed Son, our Saviour, the good and guiding shepherd thereof?”

“The prayer is a just one, but, I am not willing to agree with you that our desire to procure their land is at all inconsistent with the prayer. Until they shall adopt our pursuits, or we theirs, we can never form the one community for which your prayer is sent up; and so long as the hunting lands are abundant, the seductions of that mode of life will always baffle the approach of civilization among the Indians. But this is not the matter between us now. I esteem your family, and a

yet stronger sentiment attaches me to one of its members. Feeling thus, and convinced that there is danger at hand from the Indians, I entreat that you will remove at once into a close neighborhood with our people. Leave the spot, sir, at least until the storm is over-blown which I now see impending."

"You are prophetic, Master Harrison; but as I see no storm impending, you will suffer me to remain. I owe you thanks for your professed interest in me and mine; but it seems to me there is little delicacy in thus giving us your presence, when my thoughts on the subject of my daughter and your claim have been so clearly expressed."

"Your determination, Mr. Matthews, seems fixed, to be wrong-headed and obstinate. But if you will not hear counsel, and determine to remain in this place, at least let me implore you to observe every precaution, and be ready to resort to the Block House with the first alarm. I too, sir, will be something watchful for you. I cannot think of letting you sacrifice one, dear enough to me, at least, to make me bear with the discourtesies which come from her sire."

Thus speaking, Harrison departed abruptly, leaving the old gentleman standing in the middle of the floor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HUGH GRAYSON IS SURPRISED.

HECTOR met his master at the door of the cottage with tidings from the daughter which somewhat compensated for the harsh treatment of the father. She had consented to their meeting that afternoon in the old grove of oaks, well known, even to this day, in that neighborhood, for its depth and beauty of shadow, and its sweet fitness for all the purposes of love. Somewhat more satisfied, therefore, he took his way to the Block House, where the foresters awaited him.

They met in consultation, and the duties before Harrison

were manifold. He told the party all that it was necessary they should know, in order to insure proper precautions ; and he found no difficulty in procuring their aid in putting the Block House in better trim for the reception of the enemy. The lower story of the fortress consisted of but a single apartment, in which no repairs were needed. The upper story was divided into rooms, and reached by a ladder. One of these, pierced with a single small window, had been meant as the retreat of the women and children, and was now in the possession of Granger the trader, and his wife.

Harrison, with Grimstead the smith, Grayson, Granger, and the rest soon put things in train for a stout defence of the fabric, in the event of any necessity. This having been done, the whole party assembled in Granger's apartment to partake of the frugal meal which the hands of the trader's wife had prepared for them. At dinner, Hector was examined as to his detention on board of the schooner. He told the story of his capture, and, though the poor fellow had heard very little of the conversation between the sailor and the Indians, yet the narrative which he gave of the free intercourse between the parties, and the presence of the Belt of Wampum, were proofs, to the mind of Harrison, of the suspicion he entertained.

"And what of the schooner—what did you see there, Hector?"

"Gun, maussa! big gun, little gun—long sword, little sword, and hatchets plenty for Injins."

"What sort of men?"

"Ebery sort, maussa ; English, Dutch, French, Spanish,—ugly little men wid big whisker, and face nebber see water."

This was information enough ; and, after some further deliberations, the parties separated, each in the performance of some duty which had been assigned him. An hour after the separation, Walter Grayson arrived at the landing upon the river, a few hundred yards from the cottage where he lived, in time to see his brother about to put off with several bundles

of skins in a small boat towards the vessel of the supposed Indian trader. The manner of the latter was cold, and his tone stern and ungracious.

"I have waited for you some hours, Walter Grayson," said he, throwing a bundle into the bottom of the boat.

"I could come no sooner, Hugh ; I have been busy in assisting the captain."

"Will you never be a freeman, Walter—will you always be a water-carrier for a master ? Why do you serve this swaggerer, as if you had lost every jot of manly independence ?"

"Not so sharp, Hugh. I have not served him, more than I have served all of us, by what I have done this morning."

He then went on to tell his brother of the occurrences of the day. The other seemed astonished, and there was so much chagrin manifest in his astonishment that Walter could not help asking if he regretted that Harrison had got his slave again.

"No ; but I was about to take my skins to this trader for barter, and my purpose is something staggered by your intelligence."

"Well, I shouldn't advise you to proceed on such a business ; for the man who comes to smuggle and kidnap will scarcely heed smaller matters of trade."

"I must go, however, and try him. I want every thing, even powder and lead."

"Well, that's a good want with you, Hugh, for if you had none, you'd be better willing to work at home."

"I will not go into the field," said the other, haughtily and impatiently. "It will do for you, to take the mule's labor, who are so willing to be at the beck and call of every swaggering upstart ; but I will not."

"Ah, Hughey, put down this bad spirit, which will not let you sleep ; for even in your sleep it speaks out, and I have heard it."

"Ha !" and the other started, "thou hast heard what ?"

“What I will not say—not even to you!—but I tell you that your love for Bess Matthews, and her love for him, are the cause of your hate of Harrison.”

“You think she loves him?”

“I do, Hugh—honestly I believe it.”

And as the elder brother replied, the other rushed off, with a feeling of desperation, in the direction of the boat. In a moment he had left the banks, and, with a gaze of sad sympathy, Walter surveyed his progress for a while, then turned away to the cottage and to other occupations. In a little while, the younger brother approached the vessel, and was hailed by a gruff voice from within.

“Throw me a rope,” was the cry of Grayson.

“For what—who are you—what do you want?” was the reply. The speaker, who was no other than our old acquaintance, Chorley, showed himself at the same moment.

“You buy furs and skins, captain—I have both. I want powder for them, and shot—and some knives and hatchets.”

“You get none from me, blast me.”

“What, wherefore are you here, if not for trade?” was the involuntary question of Grayson. The seaman replied evasively.

“Ay, I come for trade, but can’t you wait till I haul up to the landing? There’s not water enough for me to do so now, for the stream shoals¹ here too greatly for the risk.”

“Why not trade on board? Let me bring my skins up.”

The seaman swore indignantly at the pertinacity of his visitor, and bade him tack ship and trouble him no longer.

“Be off now, freshwater, and wait my time for trading. Off, or I’ll send a shot through your figure-head that shall spoil your beauty for ever.”

Grayson was surprised at this treatment, and his fierce spirit felt like a leap at the throat of the ruffian captain. But prudence taught him forbearance, in act at least. Paddling himself round, he made once more for the cottage landing.

¹ becomes shallow,

CHAPTER XXV.

FLIGHT OF THE YOUNG CHIEF.

It was about noon of the same day, when the son of Sanuttee, the outcast and exiled Occonestoga, escaping from his father's assault and flying from the place of council as already narrated, appeared on the banks of the river, nearly opposite the denser settlement of the whites, and several miles below Pocotaligo. When hurried from the council-house by Sir Edmund Bellinger to save him from the anger of his father, he had taken the way, under a filial and natural influence, to the lodge of Matiwan. And she cheered and would have cherished him, could that have been done consistently with her duty to her lord. What she could do, however, she did. But in her cabin he was not permitted to linger long. Matiwan was soon apprised of the approach of the pursuers. The people, collected to avenge themselves upon the chiefs, were not likely to suffer the escape of one, who, like Occonestoga, had done so much to subject them, as they thought, to the dominion of the English. A party of them, accordingly, hearing of his flight, and readily conceiving its direction, took the same route; but the mother heard their coming and sent him on his way. They were, however, close upon his heels, and when he cowered silently in the brake, they took their way directly beside him. When he lay stretched along, under the cover of a fallen tree, they stepped over his body; and when, seeking a beaten path, he dared to look round him, the waving pine torches which they carried flamed before his eyes.

"I will burn feathers, thou shalt have arrows, Opitchi-Manneyto. Be not wroth with the young chief of Yemassee. Make the eyes blind that hunt after him for blood. Thou shalt have arrows and feathers, Opitchi-Manneyto—a bright fire of arrows and feathers!"

Thus as he lay beneath the branches of a fallen tree, around

which his pursuers were winding, the young warrior uttered the common form of prayer to the evil deity of his people. But he did not despair, though he prayed. Though now frequently drunk and extremely dissolute, Oconestoga had been a gallant and very skilful partisan even in the estimation of the Indians. He had been one of the most promising of all their youth; but, unhappily, the seduction of strong drink he had never been able to withstand. He was easily persuaded, and as easily overcome. He had thus gone on for some time; and he was almost in daily communication with the lower classes of the white settlers, from whom alone liquor could be obtained. The soul was debased within him; and there were moments when he felt all his wretched humiliations—when he felt how much better it would be to strike the knife to his own heart, and lose the degrading consciousness which made him ashamed to meet the gaze of his people. Even now, as he emerges from the morass, having thrown off his pursuers, the criminal purpose besets him.

But such thoughts usually linger for a moment only. Oconestoga threw off his desperate purpose, as he had thrown off his pursuers. Once more he went, pressing rapidly forward, while the hunters were baffled in rounding a dense brake through which he had dared to go. Day came, and he thought himself safe; but he was roused by the cries of new pursuers. His flight had taken him completely out of his contemplated route. He lay still as the enemy approached—he heard their retreating footsteps, and again he set forward. At length, his eyes beheld the bank of the river, still ahead of his enemy; and grateful, but exhausted, he lay stretched upon the sands, and gazing upon the quiet waters before him.

He was not long suffered to remain in peace. A shot arrested his attention, and he started to his feet to behold two of his pursuers emerging at a little distance from the forest. He plunged forward into the river, and, diving down, reserved his breath until, arising, he lay in the very centre of the

stream. But he arose enfeebled and overcome, and turning a look of defiance upon the two Indians who stood watching his progress from the banks which they had now gained, he raised himself breast-high from the water, and challenged their arrows to his breast, by smiting it with a fierce violence. As they saw the action, one of them lifted his bow; but the other the next instant struck it down. Half amazed, Occonestoga gave a single shout of derision, and ceased all further effort. The brave but desponding warrior sank hopelessly, just as the little skiff of Hugh Grayson, returning from his interview with Chorley, darted over the small circle in the stream which still bubbled and broke where the young Indian had gone down. As the little boat passed over the spot where the red-man had been seen to sink, the black hair suddenly grew visible again above the water, and in the next moment was clutched in the grasp of the Carolinian. With difficulty he sustained the head above the surface, still holding on by the hair. The banks were not distant, and the little paddle which he employed was susceptible of use by one hand. Though thus encumbered, he was soon enabled to get within his depth. This done, he jumped from the boat, and bore the unconscious victim to the land. The Indians on the opposite bank did not wait for the result, having disappeared in the forest just at the moment when returning consciousness, on the part of Occonestoga, had rewarded Grayson for the efforts he had made.

“Thou art safe now, Occonestoga,” said the young man. “Thou wilt go with me to my cabin?”

“No! The black woods for Occonestoga. He must seek arrows and feathers for Opitchi-Manneyto.”

The youth pressed him urgently, but finding him obdurate, he gave up hope of persuading him to his habitation. They separated after the delay of an hour,—Grayson in his canoe and Occonestoga plunging into the woods in the direction of the Block House.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A SNAKE STORY.

THE afternoon of that day was one of those clear, balmy afternoons, such as make the spring season in the south a holiday term of nature. All was animated life and freshness. The old oaken grove which Bess Matthews, in compliance with the prayer of her lover, now approached, was delightfully conceived for such an occasion. The scene and time had a strong influence over the maiden, as she slowly took her way to the place where she was to meet her lover. Bess Matthews, indeed, was singularly susceptible of such influences. She was a girl of heart, but a wild heart,—a thing of the forest,—gentle as its innocentest flowers.

“He is not come,” she murmured, half disappointed, as the old grove of oaks with all its solemnity of shadow lay before her. She took her seat at the foot of a tree, whose thick and knotted roots shot even above the grass around them, and ran for a considerable distance upon the surface. Here she sat not long, for her mind grew impatient with the thoughts crowding upon it—of him she loved,—till, starting up, she glided among the old trees, scarce conscious of her movement.

“He does not come—he does not come,” she murmured, as she stood contemplating the thick copse spreading before her, and forming the barrier which terminated the range of oaks which constituted the grove. A small tree rose from the centre of a clump around which a wild grape gadded luxuriantly; and, with an incoherent sense of what she saw, she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to survey that which, though it seemed to fix her eye, yet failed to fill her thought. The musing spirit had given holiday to the ordinary senses, and took no heed of the forms that rose, and floated, or glided away, before them. In this way, the leaf detached made no impression upon the sight that was yet bent upon it. She

saw not the bird, though it whirled in wanton circles around her head—and the black-snake darted over her path without arousing a single terror in the form that otherwise would have shivered at its mere appearance.

And yet, though thus indistinct were all things around her to the mind of the maiden, her eye was yet fastened by a star-like shining glance, that shot out from the circle of green leaves—seeming to be their very eye. How beautiful did it gleam and dilate, growing more lustrous with every ray which it sent forth! And her own glance became fixed with a dreaming sense that took her soul away from her, and wrapt it about as with a spell. She would have fled, but she had not power to move. The will was wanting to her flight. Her limbs felt insecure—her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein, throughout her person.

At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, flew away from his station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed to have been deprived of. She strove to move from before the terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. With her movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested, the audibly articulated ring announced the nature of that splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a shrub.

She was, at length, conscious enough to perceive all her danger; but terror denied her the strength necessary to fly. The serpent lay still; but the eye was never once turned away from the victim. Its corded muscles are all in coil. They have but to unclasp suddenly, and the fatal teeth will strike, and the deadly venom which they secrete will mingle

with the life blood in her veins. She sees him approach—and she sees no more. Insensibility came to her aid and she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster.

In that moment the copse parted, and an arrow, piercing the monster through and through the neck, bore his head to the ground, alongside of the maiden, while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually, in part, writhing upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive *Ooconestoga*, who had fortunately reached the spot on his way to the Block House. He rushed from the copse as the snake fell. Seeing him advance, the reptile made an effort to regain his coil, but the arrow, completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to the endeavor; and finding it hopeless, he turned desperately round, and striking his fangs into a part of his own body, he threw himself over with a single convulsion, and a moment after lay dead beside the utterly unconscious maiden.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THIRTEEN RATTLES AND A BUTTON.

WITHOUT giving more than a single glance to the maiden, *Ooconestoga* approached the snake, and, drawing his knife, cut away the rattles, always a favorite Indian ornament, which terminated his elongated folds. The snake had thirteen rattles, and a button, or incipient rattle; it was therefore fourteen years old—as it acquires the button during its first year, and each succeeding year yields it a new rattle.

As *Ooconestoga* drew the body of the serpent from that of Bess Matthews, her eyes unclosed, though but for an instant. The first object in her gaze was the swollen and distorted reptile, which the Indian was just then removing from her sight. Her terror was aroused anew, and with a single shriek she again closed her eyes in utter unconsciousness. At that

moment Harrison darted down the path, and rushing forward, and beholding her lifted in the arms of Occonestoga, who, at her cry, had come to her support, and raised her partially from the ground, he sprang fiercely upon him, tore her from his hold, and sustaining her with one hand, wielded his hatchet in the other above his own head, directing its edge upon that of the Indian. Occonestoga looked up without exhibiting any wish to escape the blow. This appearance of indifference arrested the arm of Harrison, and caused him to hesitate.

"Speak, young chief!—say what does this mean? What have you done to the maiden? Quickly speak, or I strike."

"Strike, Harrison!—the hatchet is good for Occonestoga. He has a death-song that is good. He can die like a man."

"What hast thou done with the maiden—tell me, Occonestoga, ere I hew thee down like a dog."

"Occonestoga is a dog. Sanutee, the father of Occonestoga, says he is a dog of the English. There is no fork in the tongue of Sanutee. Look! The war-rattle put his eye on the girl of the pale-face, and she cried out, for his eye was upon her to kill! Look, Harrison, it is the arrow of Occonestoga," and he pointed to the shaft in the neck of the serpent. Harrison, who before had not seen the snake, which the Indian had thrown aside under the neighboring bush, now shivered as with a convulsion, while he cried in horror:

"God of Heaven—tell me, Occonestoga—is she struck?" and before he could hear the reply his tremors were so great that he was compelled to lay the still insensible form of the maiden upon the grass. The Indian smiled, as he replied:

"It was the swift arrow of Occonestoga—and the war-rattle had no bite for the girl of the pale-face. The blood is good in her heart."

"Thank God—thank God! Young chief of the Yemassee, I thank thee—thou shalt have a noble reward for this."

"Occonestoga is a dog," said he; "death for Occonestoga!"

For a moment Harrison searched him narrowly with his

eye ; but he forebore remark, and simply demanded assistance in the recovery of the maiden. Water was brought, and after a few moments her lover had the satisfaction of noting her returning consciousness. Her eyes opened upon the light, her lips murmured in prayer.

“ Oh, Gabriel, such a dream—such a horrible dream,” and she shuddered and looked anxiously around her.

“ Ay, dearest, such as I trust you will never again suffer. But you are now safe, thanks to our brave friend Occonestoga.”

“ Thanks, thanks to thee, young chief—I know thee ; I shall remember,” and she looked gratefully to the Indian, whose head nodded a recognition of her acknowledgment. “ But where, Gabriel, is the monster ? Oh ! how its eye dazzled and ensnared me.”

“ There he lies, Bess, and a horrible monster he is indeed. See there, his rattles, thirteen and a button—an old snake, whose blow must have been instant death !”

The interview between Harrison and Bess Matthews had been arranged with reference to a discussion of various matters, important to both, and affecting the relations between them. But it was impossible, in the condition in which he found her, that much could be thought or said of other matters than those which had been of the last few moments' occurrence. Still they lingered, and still they strove to converse on their affairs ; despite the presence of Occonestoga, who sat patiently at the foot of a tree without show of discontent or sign of hunger, though for a term of at least eighteen hours he had eaten nothing. At length, bidding him wait his return, Harrison took the way with Bess to the cottage of her father. It was not long before he returned to the savage, whose hand he again shook cordially, while repeating his grateful promise of reward. Then, turning to a subject at that time strongly present in his mind, he inquired :

“ Occonestoga, what news is this of the Yemassee ? He is angry, is he not ?”

"Angry to kill, Harrison. The tomahawk of Sanutee shook in the eyes of Occonestoga. The scouts of Yemassee look for him in the swamps."

"You must be hungry and weary, Occonestoga. Come with me to the Block House, where there are meat and drink."

"Harrison is friend to Occonestoga?"

"Surely I am," was the reply.

"The good friend will kill Occonestoga?" was the demand, uttered in tones of more solicitude than is common to the Indian.

"Kill you! No! Why should I kill you? I will do no such thing. Thou shalt live and do well, and be at friendship with thy father and thy people. Come with me, young chief; all will be right ere many days. Come!"

The melancholy savage rose, passively resigned to any will, having none of his own. In silence he followed his conductor to the Block House, where, under the instructions of Harrison, Granger and his wife received him with the kindest solicitude.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FUGITIVE ON THE SCENT.

THE wife of Granger soon provided refreshments for the young savage, of which he ate sparingly. Harrison busied himself in looking after the preparations for the defence of the building, and having given some directions, he returned to the apartment where he had left the Indian. Occonestoga sat crooning over, in an uncouth strain, a rude song in his own wild tongue. Something of the language was known to Harrison but not enough to comprehend the burden of the chant. At his request Granger, who was folding up some of his wares in a corner of the apartment, translated at intervals the purport of many of the stanzas. One was of a national char-

acter, and in a sounding and elevated strain, which in the translation of Granger lost much of its native sublimity.

Mighty is the Yemassee,
Fearless in the strife,
Terrible in wrath—
The Westo and the Edisto,
What are they to him?—
Like the brown leaves to the cold,
Look, they shrink before his touch,
Shrink and shiver as he comes—
Mighty is the Yemassee.

Harrison now ventured to interrupt the warrior with a compliment, confirming that which he had himself been uttering, to the prowess of his nation.

“That is a true song, Oconestoga—that in praise of your nation. They are a brave people; but I fear under wild management now. But come—here is some drink, it will strengthen you.”

“It is good,” said he, drinking, “it is good—good for strength. The English is a friend to Oconestoga.”

“We have always tried to be so, Oconestoga, as you should know by this time. But speak to me of Pocota-lico. What have the people been doing there? Wherefore should they grow angry with their English brothers? Is not peace good for both? It is peace that the English desire; but if there be war, they will take all the scalps of your nation.”

“The English must look to his own scalp,” cried the young man, fiercely,—“the hand of the Yemassee is ready;” and, as he spoke, his form rose erect from the place where he had been sitting, while a strong feeling of nationality aroused him into the warlike show of an eloquent chief inspiring his tribe for the fight. But Granger, who had been watchful, came forward with a cup of spirits, which he now handed him. The youth drank it off at a single effort, and sinking into his seat, replied to the other portion of the remark of Harrison:

“It is good. Peace is good—peace for the Yemassee—peace for the English. Oconestoga speaks for peace.”

“Then let Oconestoga go this very night to Pocota-ligo. Let his eye take the track of the chiefs, and look at their actions. Let him come back to-morrow, and say all that he has seen, and claim his reward from the English.”

An additional cup of spirits, which Granger furnished him, concluded the argument, and he avowed himself ready for the proposed adventure. His preparations were soon completed, and when the night had fairly set in, the fugitive was on the scent, and again within the boundary lines of his nation, threading his way, with all the skill of an Indian, among the paths of the people whom he had so grievously incensed.

Half conscious only of his design at starting, the young savage, on crossing to the opposite shore, which he did just at the Block House, grew more sensible, not only in reference to the object of his journey, but to the dangers which necessarily came along with it. Precautions became more necessary as he drew nigher to the homestead of his people. The traces of their presence thickened momentarily around him. Now the torch flared across his eye, and now the hum of voices came with the sudden gust; and, more than once, moving swiftly across his path, stole along a dusky figure like his own, bent upon some secret quest. Perhaps he had been dimly seen, though he strove to avoid all observation.

At length he approached the town of Pocota-ligo, but, at first, carefully avoiding its main entrance, he shot off circuitously into the thicker woods, so as to come into the immediate neighborhood of his father's dwelling. From a thicket, after a little while, he looked down upon the cabin which had given a birth-place and shelter to his infancy; and he beheld, by the ruddy blaze of the pine torch which a boy carried before him, the person of his father emerge from the lodge, and take the well-known pathway leading to Pocota-ligo.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GIVEN UP TO OPITCHI-MANNEYTO.

IF Occonestoga had no other virtue, that of love for his mother was sufficiently redeeming. His natural feeling prepared him, whatever the risk, to take advantage of the opportunity thus offered him. In another instant, the half penitent prodigal stood in the presence of Matiwan.

“Oh, boy—Occonestoga—thou art come—thou art come. Thou art not yet lost to Matiwan.”

And she threw herself fondly, though but for a moment, upon his neck; the next, recovering herself, she spoke in hurried tones full of grief and apprehension.

“Thou shouldst not come!—fly, boy—fly, Occonestoga. There is danger—there is death—not death—there is a curse for thee from Opitchi-Manneyto. Thou art cast out from the Yemassee. The chiefs know thee not. Manneyto denies thee. They have said—thou art a Yemassee no longer.”

“The Yemassee cannot deny Occonestoga. Look, here is the arrow of Yemassee upon the shoulder of a chief.”

“It is gone—it is gone from thee, Occonestoga. They have sworn by Opitchi-Manneyto, that Malatchie, the Clublifter, shall take it from thy shoulder. Fly, boy—fly, Occonestoga. It is thy mother that prays thee to fly. Matiwan would not lose thee from the happy valley. Go—fly,—keep on thy shoulder the broad arrow of Yemassee, so that thy mother may not lose thee from the blessed valley of Manneyto.”¹

Before the young warrior, somewhat softened by this speech, could find words to reply, his acute sense detected an approaching sound; and, through an opening of the logs in the dwelling, the flare of a torch was seen approaching. Matiwan went quickly to the entrance, and returning instantly with great alarm, announced the approach of Sanutee.

¹ the Indian heaven.

"He comes to the hatchet of Occonestoga," cried the youth fiercely.

"Wouldst thou slay Matiwan?" was the reply,—and the words were sufficient. The fierce spirit was quelled, and the youth suffered himself to follow quietly as she directed. She led him to a remote corner of the lodge, which, piled up with skins, furnished a fair chance of security. With several of these, as he stretched himself at his length, she contrived to cover him in such a manner as to conceal him. Having so done, she strove to resume her composure for the reception of the old chief, whose torch now blazed at the entrance.

With a mind deeply taken up with the concerns of state, Sanutee threw himself upon the bearskin which formed a sort of carpet in the middle of the lodge, and failed to remark the discomposure of Matiwan, which, otherwise, to the keen glance of the Indian, would not have remained very long concealed. She took her seat at his head, and crooned low and musingly some familiar chant of forest song meant to soothe his ear. He heard, but did not seem to listen. His mind was busied in the events of the wild storm it had invoked, and the period of which was rapidly approaching. But turning at length to his wife, and pointing to the pile of skins, he quietly remarked upon their disordered appearance, and instructed her to go and ascertain the number in the collection.

"The Spanish trader will buy from Sanutee with the next sun. Go, Matiwan."

Half dead with fear, she proceeded to tumble about the skins, with ready compliance and an air of industry. Her labor was lengthened, so Sanutee seemed to think, somewhat beyond the time necessary to enumerate a lot of skins not exceeding fifteen or twenty in number, and with some little sternness he demanded of her the cause of the delay. Apprehensive that he would rise, and seek for himself, she determined to guess at the fact, and replied in a representation

which did not at all accord with the calculation of the chief's own memory on the subject.

"Thou art good, Matiwan, but Sanutee will look." She clasped her hands, and the beatings of her heart grew frequent and painful. Already his hands were upon the skins, when the exciting blood-cry of Yemassee battle, "Sangarra-me, Sangarra-me,"—rang through the little apartment. Lights flared all around the lodge, and a confused clamor, as of many voices, from without, drew the attention of all within. The cry was of startling significance to the woman and her son.

"Sangarra-me—the slave of Opitchi-Manneyto is here."

And a general howl, with a direct call for Sanutee, brought the old chief to the door of the lodge. It was surrounded by a crowd of the red men, in a state of intense excitement. Before the chief could ask the purpose of their visit, he had heard it from a score of voices. They came to denounce the fugitive; they had tracked him to the lodge. The old chief heard them with a stern calm of countenance; then, throwing open the door, he bade them enter upon the search for their victim. Matiwan sank down hopelessly in a corner of the apartment, while Oconestoga, throwing aside his covering of skins, and rising from his place of concealment, stood up once more, a fearless Indian warrior. He grasped his tomahawk in his right hand, and placing himself in the centre of the apartment, prepared manfully for the worst. Such was his position, when, leading the way for the pursuers of the fugitive, Sanutee reëntered the cabin. He darted a severe look upon Matiwan where she lay in the corner, and as the glance met her own, she crept towards him and would have clasped his knees; but the ire of Sanutee was too deeply awakened, and, regarding his son as the chief betrayer of his country to the English, he threw her aside, and stretched forth his arm as if to secure him. Oconestoga, with a skill and power which, at one time, had procured for him a high reputation for warrior-like conduct, hurled the old chief back upon the crowd that

followed him. The fierce old chief sprang again towards him. But the fugitive, with desperate strength, grappled the father by his throat, crying aloud, as he shook the hatchet in his eyes:

“Thou art not the father of Occonestoga—but a black dog, sent on his path to tear. Die, thou dog—thus I slay thee, thou enemy of Occonestoga.”

But the speech had aroused the yet conscious Matiwan, and starting from the ground, with uplifted hands she interposed, just as the fatal direction had been given to the weapon of her son. The piercing shriek of that fondly cherishing mother went to the very bones of the young warrior. The deadly instrument fell from his hand, and now rushing upon him, the crowd pinioned his arms closely behind him. His eyes rested upon the woe-begone visage of Matiwan, and, with a single sentence addressed to her, he offered no obstacle while his captors led him away.

“Matiwan—” said he,—“thou hast bound Occonestoga for his enemies. Thou hast given him up to Opitchi-Manneyto.”

CHAPTER XXX.

THE MOTHER KNOWS HER CHILD.

It was a gloomy amphitheatre in the deep forests to which the multitude bore the unfortunate Occonestoga. In the centre of the area rose a high and venerable mound, the tumulus¹ of many preceding ages, from the sides of which might now and then be seen protruding the bleached bones of some ancient warrior or sage. A circle of trees, at a little distance, hedged it in. Amid the confused cries of the multitude, they bore the captive to the foot of the tumulus, and bound him backward, half reclining upon a tree. A hundred warriors stood around, armed as for battle, but spectators simply. They took no part in a proceeding which belonged entirely to the

¹ a mound of earth and stones used as a burial place.

priesthood. In a wider and denser circle gathered hundreds more—not the warriors, but the people—the old, the young, the women, and the children. Interspersed with this latter crowd came a number of old women. In their hands they bore, each of them, a flaming torch of the rich and gummy pine ; and these they waved over the heads of the multitude in a thousand various evolutions.

The night grew dark of a sudden, and the sky was obscured by one of the brief tempests that usually usher in the summer, and mark the transition, in the south, of one season to another. A wild gush rushed along the wood. At this moment, surrounded by the chiefs, and preceded by the great prophet, Enoree-Mattee, came Sanutee, the well-beloved of the Yemassee, to preside over the destinies of his son. Blocks of wood were placed around as seats for the chiefs, but Sanutee and the prophet threw themselves upon the edge of the tumulus, where an overcharged spot, bulging out with the crowding bones of its inmates, had formed an elevation answering the purpose of couch or seat. They sat, directly looking upon the prisoner. A signal having been given, the women, approaching him, waved their torches so closely above his head as to make all his features distinctly visible to the multitude. While the torches waved, one of the women cried aloud, in a barbarous chant, above him :

“ Is not this a Yemassee ?
Wherefore is he bound thus ?
Wherefore, with the broad arrow
On his right arm growing ? ”

A second woman now approached him, waving her torch and, in the same barbarous sort of strain, replied as follows :

“ It is not the Yemassee,
But a dog that runs away.
From his right arm take the arrow,
He is not the Yemassee.”

As these words were uttered, the crowd of women cried out for the execution of the judgment thus given, and the shoutings were general among the multitude. When they had subsided, a huge Indian came forward, and sternly confronted the prisoner. This man was Malatchie, the executioner. In one hand he carried a torch, in the other a knife. He came forward to claim the slave of Opitchi-Manneyto,—that is, in our language, the slave of hell. The doom had been already given, but the ceremony of expatriation and outlawry was yet to follow, and under the direction of the prophet, the various classes of the nation prepared to take a final leave of one who could no longer be known among them. First of all came a band of young marriageable women, who, wheeling in a circle three times about him, sang together a bitter farewell.

“Go,—thou hast no wife in Yemassee—thou hast given no lodge to the daughter of Yemassee. Thou hast no name—the women of Yemassee know thee no more.—They know thee no more.” And the final sentence was reverberated from the entire assembly—“They know thee no more.”

Then came a number of the ancient men of the nation, who surrounded him in circular mazes three several times, singing as they did so a hymn of like import, and the whole assembly cried out: “They know thee no more, they know thee no more.” Enoree-Mattee now approached with the words, with which, as the representative of the good Manneyto, he renounced him,—with which he denied him access to the Indian heaven, and left him a slave and an outcast, a miserable wanderer amid the shadows and the swamps.

“Thou wast a young brave of Manneyto,
He gave thee scalps and a war-song,—
But he knows thee no more—he knows thee no more.
Father, mother, name, and people,
Thou shalt lose, with that broad arrow.
Thou art lost to the Manneyto—
He knows thee no more, he knows thee no more.”

The despair of hell was in the face of the victim, and he howled forth, in a cry of agony, that, for a moment, silenced the wild chorus of the crowd. Every feature was convulsed with emotion ; when Sanutee, the father, silently approached, and, with a pause of a few moments, stood gazing upon the son from whom he was to be separated eternally. The pride of the youth came back to him, as his eye caught the gaze of his father ; and he exclaimed bitterly :

“ Wherefore art thou come ? Thou hast been my foe, not my father—away—I would not behold thee ! ”

“ Thou hast said well, Occonestoga—Sanutee is thy foe. The prophet of Manneyto has forgotten thee. Sanutee is no longer thy father—thy father knows thee no more.”

Occonestoga, goaded to madness, shrieked forth the bitterest execrations, until Enoree-Mattee, preceding Malatchie, again approached. Having given some directions in an undertone to the latter, he retired, leaving the executioner alone with his victim. Occonestoga said no word now—he could offer no resistance to the hands of Malatchie, who had now bared the arm more completely of its covering. A despairing agony, which no language could describe, had possession of his soul. Malatchie prepared to seize the knife and perform the operation,¹ when a confused murmur arose from the crowd around ; the mass gave way and parted, and, rushing wildly into the area, came Matiwan, the long black hair streaming, and her action that of one reckless of all things in the way of the progress she was making to her child. She cried aloud as she came—with a voice that rang like a sudden death-bell through the ring :

“ Would you keep the mother from her boy, and he to be lost to her forever ? Away, keep me not back—I will look upon, I will love him. He shall have the blessing of Matiwan, though the Yemassee and the Manneyto curse.”

The victim heard, and a momentary renovation of hope spoke out in the exclamation which fell from his lips :

¹ i.e., of cutting the arrow mark from Occonestoga's shoulder.

“Oh, Matiwan—oh, mother!”

She rushed towards the spot, and thrusting the executioner aside, threw her arms about his neck.

“Touch him not, Matiwan,” was the general cry from the crowd—“Manneyto knows him no more.”

“But Matiwan knows him—the mother knows her child, though the Manneyto denies him. Oh, boy, boy, boy!” And she sobbed like an infant on his neck.

“Thou art come, Matiwan—thou art come, but wherefore?—to curse like the father?” mournfully said the captive.

“No, no, no! Not to curse. When did mother curse the child she bore? Not to curse, but to bless and forgive.”

“Tear her away, Malatchie,” cried the crowd, now impatient for the execution. Malatchie approached.

“Not yet—not yet,” appealed the woman. “Shall not the mother say farewell to the child she shall see no more?” and she waved Malatchie back, and in the next instant drew hastily from her dress a small hatchet which she had there concealed.

“What wouldst thou do, Matiwan?” asked Occonestoga, as his eye caught the glare of the weapon.

“Save thee, my boy—save thee for thy mother, Occonestoga—save thee for the happy valley.”

“Wouldst thou slay me, mother?” he asked, with a something of reluctance to receive death from the hands of a parent.

“I strike thee but to save thee, my son:—since they cannot take the totem from thee after the life is done. Turn away from me thy head—let me not look upon thine eyes as I strike, lest my hands grow weak and tremble. Turn thine eyes away.”

His eyes closed, and the fatal instrument, lifted above her head, was now visible in the sight of all. The executioner rushed forward, but he came too late. The tomahawk was driven deep into the skull, and but a single sentence from his lips preceded the final insensibility of the victim.

“It is good, Matiwan, it is good—thou hast saved me—the death is in my heart.” And back he sank as he spoke, while

a shriek of mingled joy and horror from the lips of the mother announced the success of her effort to defeat the doom, the most dreadful in the imagination of the Yemassee.

“He is not lost—he is not lost. They may not take the child from his mother. They may not keep him from the valley of Manneyto. He is free—he is free.” And she fell back in a deep swoon into the arms of Sanutee, who by this time had approached. She had defrauded Opitchi-Manneyto of his victim, for they may not remove the badge of the nation from any but the living victim.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PREPARATION AND WARNING.

SOME men only live for great occasions. They sleep in the calm—but awake to double life and unlooked-for activity in the tempest. Of this class was Harrison,—erratic, daring, yet thoughtful,—and not to be measured by such a mind as that of the pastor Matthews. We have seen his agency in much of the business of the preceding narrative. Nor is this agency to be discontinued now. He is still busy, and, under his direction and with his assistance, the sound of the hammer, and the deep echo of the axe, in the hands of Granger, the smith, and Hector, were heard without intermission in the Block House, “closing rivets up,” and putting all things in a state of preparation for coming dangers to the colony. We have beheld some of Harrison’s anxieties in the strong manifestation which he gave to Occonestoga, when he despatched the unfortunate young savage as a spy, on an adventure which had found such an unhappy and unlooked-for termination. Entirely ignorant of the event, it was with no small impatience that his employer waited for his return during the entire night and the better portion of the ensuing day. In spite of the suggestions of Granger, who knew that bad faith was not among

the vices of the young warrior, he could not help suspecting him of deserting from the English cause as the only means to secure a reinstatement in the confidence of his people ; and this suspicion led to new preparations for the final issue, on the part of Harrison. To much of the drudgery of hewing and hammering, therefore, he subjected himself with the rest. Having thus labored for some time, he proceeded to other parts of his assumed duties, and, at length, mounting his steed, and followed by Dugdale, he rode away into the neighboring country, all the settlements of which he appeared perfectly to know. He went among his troop and their families. He had a voice of warning for all the neighboring cottagers—a warning of danger, and an exhortation to the borderers to be in readiness for its encounter, at the well-known signal.

This adjusted, and having prepared all minds for events which his own so readily foresaw—having counselled the more exposed and feeble to the shelter of the Block House at the first sign of danger,—the lover began to take the place of the commander, and in an hour we find him in the ancient grove—the well-known place of tryst, in the neighborhood of the dwelling of old Matthews. And she was there—the girl of seventeen—confiding, yet blushing at her own confidence, with an affection as warm as it was unqualified and pure. She hung upon his arm—she sat beside him, and the waters of the little brooklet gushed into music as they trickled on by their feet. The air was full of a song of love—the birds sang it—the leaves sighed it—the earth echoed, in many a replication, its delicious burden, and they felt it, and an hour of delicious dreaming threw into their souls a linked hope, which promised an undecaying life to their affections.

“Thou unmann’st me, Bess, the air is enchanted about thee, and the active energy which keeps me ever in motion when away from thee is gone when thou art nigh. I could now lie down in these delicious groves, and dream away the hours—dream away life. But I would have you speak to your

father. I would not foolishly alarm you, but go to him. Persuade him to depart for the Block House, where I have been making preparations for your comfort. Let him only secure you all till this vessel takes herself off. If my apprehensions are well grounded, this sailor acquaintance of yours is an enemy, and probably a pirate. I suspect him to be the latter, and have my eyes on him accordingly. As to the trade with the Indians that he talks of, it is all false, else why should he lie here without change of position or any open intercourse with them?"

"But he has changed his position—his vessel has gone higher up the river."

"Since when?"

"Within the last three hours. Her movement was pointed out by my father as we stood on the bluff fronting the house."

"Indeed, this must be seen to, and requires despatch. Come with me, Bess. To your father at once, and say your strongest fears. Be twice as timid as necessary, utter a thousand misgivings, so that we may persuade him to the shelter of the Block House."

"Where I may be as much as possible in the company of Master Gabriel Harrison. Is it not so?" and she looked up archly into his face. For once the expression of his look was grave, and with a sobriety of manner not unmixed with solemnity, he spoke:

"Ah, Bess, if I lose thee, I am myself lost! But come with me, I will see thee to the wicket, safe, ere I leave thee, beyond the province of the rattlesnake."

"Speak not of that," she replied, with a shudder, looking around her to the neighboring wood, which was now more than ever present to her mind, with the memories of that scene of terror. Harrison conducted her to the end of the grove, within sight of her father's cottage, and his last words at leaving her were those of urgent entreaty, touching her removal to the Block House,

But Bess Matthews was not left to solitude, though left by her lover. A new party came upon the scene, in the person of Hugh Grayson, emerging from the neighboring copse, from the cover of which he had witnessed the interview between Harrison and the maiden.

"It is not solitude, then," said he, "that brings Miss Matthews into the forest. Its shelter—its secrecy alone, is perhaps its highest recommendation."

"What is it that you mean, Master Grayson, by your words?" replied the maiden, while something of a blush tinged the otherwise pale and lily complexion of her face.

"Surely I have spoken nothing mysterious. My thought is plain enough, I should think, were my only evidence in the cheek of Miss Matthews herself."

"My cheek speaks nothing for me, Master Grayson, which my tongue should shame to utter; and if you have spoken simply in reference to Master Harrison you have been at much unnecessary trouble. Methinks, too, there is something in your own face that tells of a misplaced watchfulness on your part, where your neighbor holds no watch to be necessary."

"You are right, Miss Matthews—you are right. There is—there should be, at least—in my face, acknowledgment enough of the baseness which led me as a spy upon your path. But forgive me. I regret my error as deeply as you can possibly reprove it."

"I do—I do forgive thee, Master Grayson, in consideration of the time when we were both children. Greatly do I sorrow that thou shouldst waste thy thoughts on me—thy affections. Recover them, I pray thee, and find some one more worthy and more willing to requite thy love."

He seized her hand convulsively, gave it a swift, hard pressure, then resigned it as suddenly, and exclaiming: "I thank thee! I thank thee!" he rushed away, and was soon buried from sight in the adjacent thicket.

CHAPTER XXXII.

UP THE RIVER-TRACE BY NIGHT.

As soon as his interview was over with Bess Matthews, Harrison hurried back to the Block House. He there received intelligence confirming that which she had given him, concerning the movements of Chorley and his craft. The strange vessel had indeed ascended the river, a few miles nigher to the settlements of the Yemassee, and now lay fronting the left wing of the pastor's cottage ;—the right of it, as it stood upon the jutting tongue of land around which wound the river, she had before fronted from below. In addition, Harrison learned that which still further quickened his anxieties. The wife of Granger, who had been something more observant than her husband, informed him that there had been a considerable intercourse already between the vessel and the Indians—that their boats had been around her constantly during the morning, and that boxes and packages had been carried from her to the shore ; Indians, too, had been walking her decks ; a privilege which had been denied to the whites, who had not been permitted the slightest intercourse with the stranger.

All this confirmed the apprehensions of Harrison. He could no longer doubt of her intentions, or of the intentions of the Yemassee ; yet, how to proceed—in what quarter to look for the attack, and what was the extent of the proposed insurrection ? Did it include the Indian nations generally—twenty-eight of which, at that time, occupied the Carolinas—or was it confined to the Yemassee and Spaniards ? These were the questions, and to resolve them was the great difficulty in the way of Harrison. That there were now large grounds for suspicion, he could no longer doubt ; but how to proceed in arousing the people, and whether it were necessary to arouse the colony at large, or only that portion of it more immediately in contact with the Indians—all depended upon the

correctness of his acquired information;—and yet his fugitive spy came not back, sent no word, and might have betrayed his mission.

The doubts grew with their contemplation. The more he thought of the recent Yemassee discontents, the more he dreaded to think. Addressing Granger, who stood beside him in the upper and habitable room of the Block House, his anxieties found their way to his lips.

“Bad enough, Granger—and yet what to do—how to move—for there’s little use in moving without a purpose. We can do nothing without intelligence, and that we must have though we die for it. We must seek and find out their aim, their force, and what they depend upon. You must to the Yemassee—to Pocotaligo—see what they do, find out what they design, and look after Occonestoga—are you ready?”

“It’s as much as my life’s worth, captain. I can’t think of it.”

“Will not a hundred pounds teach thee reason? Look, man, it is here with thy wife—will that not move thee to it?”

“Not five hundred, captain,—not five hundred. I know too well the danger, and shan’t forget the warning which old Sanutee gave me.”

The wife had looked on, and listened until her husband came to his conclusion not to go, when she boldly advanced between him and Harrison, and thus addressed him:

“Now out upon thee, Richard, for a mean spirit. Thou wouldst win money only when the game is easy and all thine own. Give me the charge which thou hast, captain—and, Granger, touch not the pounds. I will go without the pay.”

Harrison looked on, as she spoke, in wonder and admiration; then replied, warmly seizing her hand:

“Now, by heaven, woman, thou hast a noble, strong, manly soul, such as would shame thousands of the more presumptuous sex. But thou shalt not go, and thy words have well taught me that the task should be mine own. In a few hours

and with the dusk, I shall be off. See that you keep good watch while I am gone, for the Block House will be the place of retreat for our people in the event of commotion, and will therefore most likely be a point of attack with the enemy. Several have been already warned, and will doubtless be here by night. Grimstead and Grayson, with several of the foresters, will come with their families, and with moderate caution you can make your defence. No more."

Thus counselling, he called for Hector, who, a moment after, made his appearance.

"Hector!"

"Sa, maussa."

"Hast fed Dugdale to-day?"

"Jist done feed 'em, maussa."

"See that you give him nothing more—and get the horse in readiness. I go up the river-trace by the night."

At dusk, under the direction of his master—who appeared gallantly mounted upon his noble steed—Hector led Dugdale behind him to the entrance of a little wood, where the river-trace began upon which his master was going. Alighting from his horse, Harrison played for a few moments with the strong and favorite dog, and thrusting his hand down the extended jaws of the animal, he seemed to practise a sport to which he was familiar. After this, he made the negro put Dugdale's nose upon the indented track, and then instructed him, in the event of his not returning by the moonrise, to unmuzzle and place him upon the trace at the point he was leaving. This done, he set off at a rapid pace, Dugdale vainly struggling to follow close upon his footsteps.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WRESTLING WITH EVIL.

LEAVING Bess Matthews, as we have seen, under the influence of a sad and feverish spirit, Hugh Grayson plunged deep

into the forest, out of the pathway, though still in the direction of his own home. When, at nightfall, he reached the dwelling of his mother, it was in a condition of mind which drove him, a reckless savage, into a corner of the apartment opposite that in which sat the old dame crooning over the pages of the sacred volume. Closing the book, the old lady turned to her son, and without remarking upon the peculiar unseemliness, not to say wildness, of his appearance, she thus addressed him:—

“Where hast thou been, Hughey, boy, since noon? Thy brother and thyself both from home—I have felt lonesome, and really began to look for the Indians that the captain warned us of.”

“Still the captain—nothing but the captain. Go where I may, he is in my sight, and his name within my ears. I am forever haunted by his presence.”

“And does it offend thee, Hughey, and wherefore? He is a goodly gentleman, and a gracious. Ah! Hugh, thou art wrestling with evil, and thou lovest too much its embrace!—but stay,—thou art not going forth again to-night?” she asked, seeing him about to leave the apartment.

“Yes, yes—I must—I must go.”

“Where, I pray——”

“To the woods—to the woods. I must walk—out of sight—in the air—” and as he spoke he passed from the apartment. Flying from the house, as if by so doing he might lose the thoughts that had roused him into a paroxysm of fierce passion, he rambled, only half conscious of his direction, from cluster to cluster of the old trees, until the seductive breeze of the evening, coming up from the river, led him down into that quarter.

“Peace, peace—give me peace!” he cried to the elements. The small echo from the opposite bank cried back to him, in a tone of soothing, “Peace”—but he waited not for its answer.

“Wherefore do I ask?” he murmured to himself, “and what is it that I ask? Peace, indeed! Repose, rather—release,

escape—a free release from the accursed agony of this still pursuing thought.”

Thus soliloquizing, he plunged into a dark cavity of wood, lying not far from the river road, but well concealed, as it was partly under the contiguous swamp. Here, burying the handle of his bared knife in the thick ooze of the soil upon which he stood, the sharp point upwards, he knelt down at a brief space from it, and strove to pray. But the words stuck in his throat, and he gave it up in despair. He turned to the fatal weapon, and throwing open his vest, prepared to cast himself, from the spot where he knelt, upon its edge, but at that moment came the quick tread of a horse's hoof to his ear, and he rose at once to his feet. The sounds increased in force; and at length, passing directly before him, his eye distinguished a person whom he knew to be Harrison. The rider went by, but in a moment after, the sounds ceased. His progress had been arrested; and with an emotion for which he did not seek to account, Grayson moved along the edge of the road to where the sounds of the horse had terminated. His fingers clutched the knife, bared for a different purpose, with a strange sort of ecstasy. He advanced cautiously behind the trees, and approached the individual whom he had long since accustomed himself to regard only as an enemy.

Harrison had alighted from his horse, and fastening his bridle to a swinging branch of the tree under which he stood, he left him, and sauntering back a few paces to a spot of higher ground, he cast himself at full length upon the long grass, which tufted prettily the spot he had chosen. This done, he sounded three notes upon the horn which hung about his neck, and seemed then to await the coming of another. Hugh Grayson now stood in the shadow of a tree, observing the manly outline of his rival's extended person. For a time, the guardian conscience battled stoutly; and taking the shape of a thought of his mother, kept back the hand which clutched the knife. But the fierce passions grew triumphant, with the

utterance of a single name from the lips of Harrison,—that of Boss Matthews, mingled with a momentary catch of song such as is poured forth, almost unconsciously, by the glad and ardent affection. Even as this little catch of song smote upon his senses, Hugh Grayson sprang from the shadow of the tree, and cast himself upon the bosom of the prostrate man. Harrison grappled his assailant, crying out, as he did so:

“Ha! Who art thou? Would'st thou murder me, ruffian?”

“Ay! murder is the word! I would have thy blood.”

Such was the answer of the madman, and the knife flashed in his grasp.

“Horrible! but thou wilt fight for it, murderer,” was the reply of Harrison. The affair had been so unlooked for that he could not but conceive that the assailant had mistaken him for another. In the moment, therefore, he appealed to him.

“Thou hast erred, stranger. I am not he thou seekest.”

“Thou liest,” was the grim response of Grayson.

“Ha! who art thou?”

“Thy enemy—in life—in death. I hate—I will destroy thee. Die—die like a dog, since thou hast doomed me to live, and to feel like one. Die!”

But just at the moment when Harrison had given himself up as lost, the grasp of his foe was withdrawn. The criminal had relented—the guardian conscience had resumed her sway in time for the safety of both the destroyer and his victim. And what a revulsion of feeling and of sense! Staggering back, as if himself struck with the shaft of death, Grayson sank against the tree from which he had sprung in his first assault, and covered his hands in agony. Harrison rose to his feet, and approached the unhappy man.

“What! Master Hugh Grayson!” he exclaimed, as he found out who he was, “what has tempted thee to this madness?”

“In mercy, ask me not. Thou art safe, thou art safe. Leave

me to my own dreadful thought—the thought which hates, and would just now have destroyed thee.”

“But wherefore that thought, Master Grayson? And why should such be thy thoughts of me?”

“Go—go—leave me,” exclaimed the youth, “lest the dreadful passion come back. It is over now—thou art safe. I ask thee not to forgive, but if thou wouldst serve me, Master Harrison, think me thy foe, thy deadly foe; and so thinking, use thy knife upon my bosom.”

“Thou art mad, Master Grayson—to ask of me to do such folly. Hear me but a while——”

At this moment the waving of a torch-light appeared through the woods at a little distance. The criminal started as if in terror, and was about to fly from the spot, but Harrison interposed and prevented him.

“Stay, Master Grayson. The light comes in the hands of thy brother, who is to put me across the river. Thou wilt return with him, and may thy mood grow gentler and thy thoughts wiser, and to keep thee from a thought which will trouble thee more than it can harm me now, I will crave of thee to lend all thy aid to assist thy mother from her present habitation, as she has agreed, upon the advice of thy brother and myself. Thou wast not so minded this morning, so thy brother assured me; but thou wilt take my word for it that the remove has grown essential to her safety. Walter will tell thee all. In the meanwhile, what has passed between us we hold to ourselves; and if thou hast had wrong at my hands, thou shalt have right when other duties will allow.”

“Enough, enough!” cried the youth in a low tone, as he beheld his brother, carrying a torch, emerge from the cover.

“How now, Master Walter—thou hast been sluggard, and but for thy younger brother, I should have worn out good-humor in seeking for patience.”

“What, Hugh here!” Walter exclaimed, regarding his

brother with some astonishment, as he well knew the dislike in which he held Harrison.

“Ay,” said the latter, “and he has grown more reasonable since morning, and is now not unwilling to give aid in thy mother’s remove. But come—let us away. Of the horse, thy brother will take charge—keep him not here for me, but let him bear thy mother to the Block House. And now, Master Grayson—farewell! Come, Walter.”

Concealed in the umbrage of the shrub trees which overhung the river, a canoe lay at the water’s edge, into which Harrison leaped, followed by the elder Grayson. Watching their progress for a while, Hugh Grayson lingered until the skiff became a speck; then leaping upon the steed which had been given him in charge, he took his way to the dwelling of his mother.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GATHERING OF THE TRIBES.

AT dark, Sanutee, Ishiagaska, Enoree-Mattee the prophet, and a few others of the Yemassee chiefs and leaders, all entertaining the same hostilities to the Carolinians, met at the lodge of Ishiagaska, in the town of Pocota-ligo, and discussed their preparations. The insurrection had ripened rapidly, and had nearly reached a head. All the neighboring tribes had pledged themselves for the common object, and the greater number of those extending over Georgia and Florida, were also bound in the same dreadful contract. The enemies of the settlement, in this conspiracy, extended from Cape Fear to the mountains of Appalachia, and the force amounted to at least six thousand warriors. These were gathering at various points according to arrangement, and large bodies had already made their appearance at Pocota-ligo, from which it was settled that the first blow should be given.

Chorley was present at this interview with the insurrection-

ary chiefs of Yemassee, and much good counsel he gave them. Nothing was neglected which seemed necessary to success; and they were prepared to break up their meeting, when Ishiagaska recalled them to a matter which, to that fierce Indian, seemed much more important than any other.

“The dog must smell the blood, or he tears not the throat. Ha! shall not the War-Manneyto have a feast?”

Sanutee looked disquieted, but said nothing, while the eye of Ishiagaska followed his glance and seemed to search him narrowly. He spoke again, approaching the person of the “well-beloved”:

“The Yemassee must taste of his blood, or he will not hunt after the English. The War-Manneyto would feast upon the heart of a pale-face, to make strong the young braves of Yemassee.”

“It is good—let the War-Manneyto have the feast upon the heart of the English!” exclaimed the prophet, and such seeming the general expression, Sanutee yielded, though reluctantly. They left the lodge, and in an hour a small party of warriors went forth to secure an English victim for the sacrifice they proposed to offer to the Indian Moloch.¹ This done, the chiefs distributed themselves among the people and their allies, stimulating by their arguments and eloquence the fierce spirit which they now labored to arouse in storm and tempest. We leave them to return to Harrison.

It was still early evening when the canoe of Grayson making into a little cove about a mile and a half below Pocota-ligo enabled the captain to land. With a last warning to remove as quickly as possible to the shelter of the Block House, he left his companion to return to the settlement; then plunging into the woods, and making a sweep out of his direct course in order to come in upon the back of the Indian town, he went fearlessly upon his way. One thing induced unpleasant reflec-

¹ or Molech, mentioned in Scripture as a god to whom human beings were offered as sacrifices, 2 Kings, xxiii, 10,

tion. Many of the dwellings which he approached were without fires, and seemed deserted. The inhabitants were gone—he met with none; and he felt assured that a popular gathering was at hand or in progress.

For two miles of his circuit he encountered no sign of human beings; and he had almost come to the conclusion that Pocota-ligo, which was only a mile or so farther, would be equally barren, when suddenly a torch flamed across his path, and with an Indian instinct he sank back into the shadow of a tree, and scanned the scene before him. The torch grew into a blaze in a hollow of the wood, and around the fire he beheld fifteen or twenty warriors, making a small war encampment. Some lay at length, some “squat, like a toad,” and all gathered around the blaze which had just been kindled in time to prevent him from running headlong into the midst of them. From the cover of the tree, which concealed him, he could see by the light around which they clustered, the features of the warriors; and he soon made them out to be a band of his old acquaintance, the Coosaws—who, after the dreadful defeat which they sustained at his hands in the forks of Tullifinee, found refuge with the Yemassees, settled the village of Coosaw-hatchie, and being too small in number to call for the further hostility of the Carolinians, were suffered to remain in quiet. Harrison knew them well. The huge club stuck up conspicuously among them, besmeared with coarse paint, and surmounted with a human scalp, instructed him sufficiently as to the purpose of the party.

The spy was satisfied with the few glances he gave, and cautiously leaving his place of concealment, he once more darted forward on his journey. Digressing from his path as circumstances or prudence required, he pursued his course in a direct line toward Pocota-ligo, but had not well lost sight of the fire of the Coosaws, when another blaze appeared in the track just before him. Pursuing a like caution with that already given, he approached sufficiently nigh to distinguish a band of

Seweese, something more numerous than the Coosaws, but still not strong, encamping in like manner around the painted post, the common ensign of approaching battle. The Seweese resembled the Coosaws in their general expression of face, but in person they were taller and more symmetrical, though slender. They did not exceed thirty in number.

The precautions of Harrison were necessarily increased, as he found himself in such a dangerous neighborhood, but still he felt nothing of apprehension. On he went, until, at the very entrance to the village, he came upon an encampment of the Santees, a troop of about fifty warriors. A glance was enough to show their probable number, and desiring no more, Harrison sank away from further survey, and carefully avoiding the town, on the skirts of which he stood, he followed in the direction to which he was led by a loud uproar and confused clamor coming from the place. This was the general encampment, a little above the village, immediately upon the edge of the swamp from which the river wells,¹ being the sacred ground of Yemassee, consecrated to the several Manneytos of war, peace, vengeance, and general power—which contained the great tumulus of Pocota-ligo, consecrated by a thousand awful sacrifices, for a thousand years preceding, and already known to us as the spot where Occonestoga met his death from the hands of his mother.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE BATTLE-MANNEYTO.

THE preparatory rites of battle were about to take place around the tumulus. The warriors were about to propitiate the Yemassee God of War—the Battle-Manneyto. They were prostrate—the thousand warriors of Yemassee—their wives, their children—their faces to the ground, but their eyes upward,

¹ note the use of this word as a verb—issues forth ; springs.

bent upon the cone of the tumulus, where a faint flame was struggling doubtfully into existence. Enoree-Mattee, the prophet, stood in attendance—the only person in the neighborhood of the fire—for the spot upon which he stood was holy. He moved around it, feeding the flame with fragments of wood, and sprinkling it with the dried leaves of the odorous vanilla, which diffused a grateful perfume upon the gale. All this time he muttered a low chant,—now and then, at pauses in his song, turning to the multitude, over whose heads he extended his arms as if in benediction.

The flame all this while gathered but slowly, and a silence full of awe prevailed throughout the crowd. But when it burst forth, seizing upon the sticks with which it had been supplied, and running down the sides of the tumulus, until it encircled the form of Enoree-Mattee as with a wreath of fire, a single shout burst from that exhilarated assembly, while each started to his feet, brandished his weapons, and all united in the battle-hymn of their nation:

Sangarra-me, Yemassee,
Battle-god Manneyto,
Here's a scalp, here's a skull,
This is blood, 'tis a heart,
'Tis to make the feast for thee,
Battle-god of Yemassee !

As they repeated the wild chant, the sounds were caught up, as so many signals, by couriers, stationed along the route, who conveyed the sounds to others yet beyond. These were carried to the various encampments of their allies, who only waited to hear of the blazing of the sacred fire, to understand that they had the permission of the Yemassee deity to appear and join in the subsequent ceremonial.

They came at length, the great body of that fierce but motley gathering. There came the subtle and the active Coosaw, the Combahee and the Edistoh, the Santee and the Seratee. The prophet still continued his incantations until at a given

signal, when Sanutee, as chief of his people, ascended the tumulus, and, bending his form reverently as he did so, approached him to know the result of his auguries.¹ He listened to the words of the prophet, which were in their own language. Then advancing in front, the chief delivered his response to the people. Manneyto had promised them success against their enemies, and their offerings had all been accepted. He required but another sacrifice, and the victim assigned for this, the prophet assured them, was at hand. Again the shout went up to heaven, and the warriors yelled aloud the triumph which they anticipated over their foes.

In a neighboring copse, well concealed by the thicket, lay the person of Harrison. From this spot he surveyed the entire proceedings. He listened impatiently for some evidences of their precise intention; but as they spoke only in their own language he almost despaired of any discovery which would serve him much, when a new party appeared upon the scene, in the person of Chorley, dressed in a gaudy uniform—a pair of pistols stuck in his belt—a broad short sword at his side, and the rich golden chain suspended around his neck. Over his head, carried by one of his seamen in a group of twenty of them, he bore the flag of Spain. This confirmed Harrison in all his apprehensions. He saw that once again the Spaniard was about to strike at the colony, in the assertion of an old claim of his monarch to all the country northward as far as Virginia, and to the southwest the entire range, including the Mississippi and a portion of the territory beyond it.

Chorley advanced into the centre of the assemblage. He was followed by the twenty stout seamen, the greater part of his crew, who were armed chiefly with pikes and cutlasses. As he approached, Sanutee descended from the mound and advanced towards him. In a few words of broken English, he explained sundry of their present and future proceedings—detailed what was required of him in the rest of the ceremony;

¹ augury, the art of foretelling events by signs or omens.

and having made him understand, he reascended the mound, resuming his place at the side of the prophet, who all the while had continued his incantations to the war-god, which seemed to make of himself a victim. His eye glared with the light of madness, and all his features were convulsed.

At a signal which he gave, while under this fury, a procession of women, headed by Malatchie, the executioner, made their appearance from behind the hill, and advanced into the area. In their arms six of them bore a gigantic figure, rudely hewn out of a tree, with a head so carved as in some sort to resemble that of a man. The scalp of some slaughtered enemy was stuck upon the skull and made to adhere with pitch extracted from the pine. This figure was stuck up in the midst of the assembly, while the old women danced round it, uttering, as they did so, a thousand invectives in their own wild language. Previously taught in what he was to do, Chorley now advanced and striking a hatchet in the face of the figure, he cried aloud:

“Hark, at this English dog! I strike my hatchet into his skull. Who will do thus for the King of Spain?”

Malatchie acted as interpreter, and the words had scarcely fallen from his lips, when Chinnabee, a chief of the Coosaws, rushed out from his clan, and seizing the hatchet, followed up the blow by another which sunk it deeply into the block, crying aloud in his own language:

“The Coosaw strikes the skull of the English!” and the fierce war-whoop of “Coosaw—Sangarra-me,” followed up the speech.

“So strikes the Cherah!—Cherah-hah, Cherah-me!” cried the head warrior of that tribe, following the example of the Coosaw, and sinking his hatchet also into the skull of the image. Another and another in like manner came forward, each chief, representing a tribe or nation, being required to do so, showing his assent to the war; until a strong armed Santee came forward with his club, under the stroke of which the image

went down prostrate. Its fall was the signal for a general shout and tumult among the crowd, scarcely quieted as a new incident was brought in to enliven the performance.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A VICTIM AND A CAPTIVE.

BLOOD makes the taste for blood—we teach the hound to hunt the victim, for whose entrails he acquires an appetite. We acquire such tastes ourselves from like indulgences. Distrusting the strength of their hostility to the English, the chief instigators of the proposed insurrection deemed it necessary to appeal to this appetite. Their battle-god called for a victim, and the prophet promulgated the decree. A chosen band of warriors was despatched to secure a white man; and in subjecting him to the fire-torture, the Yemassee were to feel the provocation of that thirsting impulse which craves a continual renewal of its stimulating indulgence.

The party despatched for this victim had been eminently successful; having taken their captive, without themselves losing a drop of blood. They dragged him into the ring, the war-dance all the time going on around him. From the copse, close at hand, in which he lay concealed, Harrison could distinguish the features of the captive. He knew him at a glance, as a poor laborer, named Macnamara, an Irishman, who had gone jobbing about, in various ways, throughout the settlement. His hands were bound, but his tongue was unfettered; and as they danced and howled about him, his eye gleamed forth in fury and derision, while his words were those of defiance and contempt. Under a shower of kicks, cuffs, and blows, the poor fellow was forced to a tree; and in a few minutes tightly lashed back against it. A thick cord secured him around the body to its trunk, while his hands, forced up above his head, were fastened to the tree with withes—the

two palms turned outwards, nearly meeting. The captive all the while shouted forth his scorn and execrations.

“Ah, ye miserable red naggers,—ye don’t frighten Teddy Macnamara so aisily. I don’t care for your knives, and your hatchets, at all, at all, ye red divils.”

They took him at his word, and their preparations were soon made for the torture. A hundred torches of pine were placed to kindle in a neighboring fire—a hundred old women stood ready to employ them. These were to be applied to the arrow and knife-wounds which the more youthful savages were expected, in their sports, to inflict.

They soon began. A dozen youth came forward and ranged themselves in front of the prisoner. The whoop of the young savages was succeeded by a simultaneous discharge of all their arrows, aimed only at those portions of his person which were not vital. But the endurance of the captive was proof against all their torture; and he still continued to shout his abuse.

At length the young warriors came forward with the tomahawk. They were far more cautious in the use of this fatal weapon, for, as their present object was not less the prolonging of their own exercise than of the prisoner’s tortures, it was their wish to avoid wounding him fatally or even severely. One planted the tomahawk in the tree, so directly over the head of the captive as to divide the huge tuft of hair which stood up massively in that quarter: and great was their exultation when the head, very naturally, was writhed about from the stroke, just at the moment when another hatchet, aimed to lie on one side of his cheek, clove the ear which it would have barely escaped had the captive continued immovable. Bleeding and suffering from these blows, not a groan, however, escaped the victim. Harrison was more than once prompted to rush forth at all hazards, in the hope to rescue the captive. But it would have been madness to have shown himself at such a moment, and the game was suffered to proceed without interruption.

It happened, however, that one of the tomahawks, thrown

so as to rest betwixt his two uplifted palms, fell short, and striking the hide, a few inches below, which fastened his wrists to the tree, entirely separated it, and gave freedom to his arms. Though still incapable of any effort for his release, the fearless sufferer proceeded to pluck from his body, amid a shower of darts, the arrows which had penetrated him in every part. And now the boys were made to give way, and, each armed with her torch, the old women approached, howling and dancing, with action of body frightfully demoniac. One after another, they rushed up to the prisoner, and thrust the blazing torches to his shrinking body, wherever a knife, an arrow, or a tomahawk had left a wound. The captive dashed out his hands, and grasping one of the most forward among his tormentors, he firmly held her with one hand, while with the other he possessed himself of the blazing torch which she bore. Hurling her backwards, he applied the torch to the thongs which bound him to the tree, until the withes that fastened his body began to crackle, and finally to break and separate.

His limbs were free. There was life and hope in the consciousness. He shook his hands in defiance, and with a wild yell, darted away in flight, and, for a moment, without any obstacle to freedom. He dashed away right and left; bounding over bush and log with the fleetness of the antelope. He used his newly-won freedom with wonderful agility and muscle; but was doomed to use it vainly. He could not escape; but he might involve another in his fate! His flight conducted him to the very coppice in which Harrison lay concealed!

The cavalier beheld his peril, but there was no retreat or evasion. He prepared for the result with the utmost possible coolness. He drew his knife and kept close to the cover of the fallen tree alongside of which he had laid himself down. Had the flying Macnamara seen this tree so as to have avoided it, Harrison might still have maintained his concealment.

But the fugitive thought only of flight, and his legs were exercised at the expense of his eyes. A long-extended branch,

shooting out from the tree, interposed, and he saw it not. His feet were suddenly entangled, and he fell between the arm and the trunk of the tree. Before he could rise, his pursuers were upon him. He had half gained his feet; and one of his hands rested upon the tree on the opposite side of which Harrison lay quiet, while the head of Macnamara was just rising above it. At that moment a tall chief of the Seratees, with a huge club, dashed the skull down upon the trunk. The blow was fatal, and the spattering brains were driven into the upturned face of Harrison.

There was no more concealment for the latter after that, and, starting to his feet, in another moment his knife was thrust deep into the bosom of the Seratee. The Indian sank back, with a single cry, upon those who followed him, and the next instant saw fifty of them crowding upon the Englishman. He was surrounded in a moment—his arms pinioned from behind, and knives from all quarters aiming at his breast. What might have been his fate under the excitement of the circumstances may easily be conjectured, for the red men had tasted blood; and already the brother of the Seratee chief had rushed into the circle, and was about to take his revenge. But, fortunately for the captive, there were other motives of action among the red men. The threatened death by the mace of the Seratee was arrested—the weapon stricken aside by the huge staff of no less a person than the prophet.

“He is mine—the ghost of Chaharattee, my brother, is waiting for that of his murderer,” was the fierce cry of the Seratee, when his weapon was thus arrested. But the prophet had his answer.

“Thou must not strike the captive. He is the captive to the Yemassee. He is the captive of the Manneyto of the Yemassee; on the ground sacred to Manneyto.”

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"MATIWAN MAKES FREE THE ENGLISH."

THERE was no resisting this decree of the prophet. The people were submissive. They were given to understand that their captive was to be reserved for the sacrifice at the close of the campaign, when, as they expected, they were to celebrate their victory over the Carolinians. Meanwhile, he was taken to the place where the ceremonies were still to be continued. The war-dance was begun in the presence of the prisoner. They began—the young warriors, the boys, and the women—that fantastic whirl, regulated by occasional strokes upon the uncouth drum and an attenuated blast from the more flexible native bugle. The survey was curious to Harrison, but it was also terrible. Conscious as he was, not merely of his own, but of the danger of the colony, he could not help feeling the striking romance of his own situation—bound to a tree—helpless, hopeless—a stranger, and destined to the sacrifice—the thick night around him—a thousand enemies, fierce savages, half intoxicated with that wild physical action which has its drunkenness, not less than wine.

The dance was over at a signal from the prophet. The proper feeling of excitation had been attained. "Sangarrahme, Sangarrahme, Yemassee," was the cry of each chief to his particular division; and as they arranged themselves under their several commands, Harrison was enabled to form some idea of the proposed destination of each party. To Ishiagaska and Chorley, he saw assigned a direction which he readily conjectured would lead them to the Block House, and the settlement in the immediate neighborhood. To another force the word Coosaw sufficiently indicated Beaufort as the point destined for its assault; and thus, party after party was despatched in one direction or another, until but a single spot of the whole colony remained unthreatened with an assailant,—

and that was Charleston. The reservation was sufficiently accounted for, as Sanutee, and the largest division of the Yemassee forces, remained unappropriated. The old chief had reserved this, the most dangerous and important part of the adventure, to himself.

A shrill cry—an unusual sound—broke upon the silence, and the crowd was gone in that instant;—all the warriors, with Sanutee at their head. The copse concealed them from the sight of Harrison, who, in another moment, found himself more closely grappled than before. A couple of tomahawks waved before his eyes in the glare of the torches borne in the hands of the warriors who secured him. No resistance could have availed him, and offering no obstacle to the will of his captors, he was carried to Pocota-ligo—bound with thongs and destined for the sacrifice which was to follow hard upon their triumph. His guards bore the captive to the safe-keeping of a sort of block-house—a cell of logs, some twelve feet square, and without any aperture save the single one at which he was forced to enter.

Harrison was one of those true philosophers who know always how to keep themselves for better times. As he felt that resistance, at that moment, must be without any good result, he quietly suffered himself to be borne to prison. He neither pleaded nor opposed, but he endured with patience all the blows and buffetings freely bestowed upon him by his feminine enemies. Among the Indians, this was by far the better policy. They can admire the courage, though they hate the possessor. Looking round amid the crowd, Harrison thought he could perceive many evidences of this sentiment. Sympathy and pity he also made out in the looks of a few. There was one in particular who regarded him with a melancholy satisfaction. It was Matiwan, the wife of Sanutee. As the whole nation had gathered to the sacred town, in which, during the absence of the warriors, they found shelter, she was now a resident of Pocota-ligo. She surveyed the prisoner with an emotion which

only the heart of the bereaved mother may define. "Ah!" she muttered to herself,—“ah! even thus with a big heart, and a bright eye, walked and looked the son of Matiwān, when the young chief was the beloved brave of the Yemassee. Is there a living mother of the Coosah-moray-te, beyond the great waters, who loves her son, as the poor Matiwān loved the boy Occonestogā?”

The strange inquiry filled the thoughts of the woman, and her eyes took a long journey in imagination to that foreign land. She saw the mother of the captive with a grief like her own; and her own sorrows grew deeper at the survey. Then came a strange wish to serve that pale mother—to save her from an anguish such as hers: then she looked upon the captive, and she knew him—she had seen him before in the great town of the pale-faces—he appeared a chief among them, and so had been called by her father, the old warrior Etiwee, who, always an excellent friend to the English, had taken her, with the boy Occonestoga—on a visit to Charleston. She had there seen Harrison, but under another name. He had been kind to her father. The more she thought, the more her heart grew softened—the more restless her spirit. She turned away from the crowd as the prisoner was hurried into the dungeon. She sought the shelter of the neighboring wood, and rambled unconsciously, as it were, among the old forests. But she had no peace—she was pursued by the thought which assailed her from the first. She grew strong and fearless with the desperation which it brought, and rushing through the forest, she once more made her way into the heart of Pocotaligo.

The scene was changed. The torches were either burnt out or decaying, and scattered over the ground. The noise was over—the crowd dispersed and gone. Silence and sleep had resumed their ancient empire. She went forward, and the prison-house of the Englishman rose dimly before her. Fastened with stout thongs on the outside, the door was still further guarded by a couple of warriors lying upon the grass

before it. She approached in the dim, flickering light cast from the decaying torches. A few paces only divided her from the watchers, and she continued to approach. Carefully placing her feet so as to avoid the limbs of the sleeping guard, she reached the door; and drawing from her side a knife, she separated the thongs of skin which secured it. In another moment she was in the centre of the apartment and in the presence of the captive. He lay at length, though not asleep, upon the damp floor of the dungeon. The voice of Matiwan fell soothingly upon his senses. The single word with which she first announced her presence, proved the direction of her maternal spirit.

“Oconestoga!”

“Who speaks?” was the reply of Harrison, starting to his feet and assuming an attitude of defiance.

“Ah! the Coosah-moray-te shall go,” she said, in broken English—then, whisperingly, urged him to caution. “Big warriors—tomahawks—they may lie in the grass for the English.”

“Who art thou, woman? Is it freedom—life? Cut the cord, quick.” And as she busied herself in cutting the sinews that secured his wrists, he scarcely forebore his impatience.

“I am free—I am free. I thank thee, God, this is thy Providence! And thou—who art thou, my preserver—but wherefore ask? Thou art——”

“It is Matiwan!” she said humbly.

“The wife of Sanutee—how shall I thank thee, Matiwan!”

“Matiwan makes free the English, that has a look and a tongue like the boy Oconestoga.”

“And where is he, Matiwan—where is the young warrior? I came to see after him.”

“Take the knife, English—take the knife. Look! the blood is on the hand of Matiwan. It is the blood of the boy.”

“Woman, thou hast not slain the child of thy bosom!”

"Matiwan saved the boy," she said proudly.

"Then he lives."

"In the blessed valley with the Manneyto."

"Give me the knife."

She handed it to him with a shiver; then, telling him to follow, she led the way to the entrance, which she had carefully closed after her on first entering. Slowly unclosing it, she showed him, in the dim light of the stars, the extended forms of the two keepers. With the strong excitement of renewed hope, Harrison would have leaped forward; but she restrained him, and just at that moment, a restless movement of one of the sleepers warned them to be heedful. Quick as thought, Matiwan sank back into the shadow of the dungeon, closing the door with the same impulse. Pausing, for a few moments, until the renewed breathings from without reassured her, she again led the way. Then, once more unclosing the entrance, she stepped over the two sleeping sentinels.

He followed her, but with less good fortune. Whether it was that he brushed one of the men with his foot, or whether the latter had been only in an imperfect slumber may not now be said; but at that moment he awakened, knew his prisoner at a glance and grappled him by the leg. Harrison, with an instinct quite as ready, dashed his unobstructed heel into the face of the warrior, and bounded down, with desperate speed, along the great thoroughfare leading to the river. The warriors were soon at his heels, but the river was not far off.

"Could I gain that," he muttered to himself,—“could I gain that, I were safe. Of God's surety, I may.”

A look over his shoulder, and a new start. They were behind him, but not so close as he had thought. In another moment he was upon the banks of the river; and there, a few paces from the shore, lay a canoe tied to a pole that stood upright in the stream. He was soon snug enough in its bottom, and had succeeded in cutting the thong with his knife when the Indians appeared upon the bank. Dreading their arrows, for the now

rising moon gave them sufficient light for their use, he stretched himself along the bottom of the boat, and left it to the current, which set strongly downward. But a sudden plunge into the water of one and then the other of his pursuers, left him without the hope of getting off so easily. The danger came in a new shape, and he rose to meet it. Placing himself in a position which would enable him to turn readily upon any point which they might assail, he prepared for the encounter. One of the warriors was close upon him—swimming lustily, and carrying his tomahawk grasped by the handle in his teeth. The other came at a little distance, and promised soon to be up with him. The first pursuer at length struck the canoe, raised himself sufficiently on the water for that purpose, and his left hand grasped one of the sides, while the right prepared to take the hatchet from his jaws.

But with the seizure of the boat came the stroke of Harrison. His knife drove half through the hand of the Indian, who released his grasp with a howl. At that instant a third plunge into the water, as of some prodigious body, called for the attention of all parties. The pursuers now became the fugitives, as their quick senses perceived a new and dangerous enemy in the black mass surging towards them. They well knew the fierce appetite and the tremendous jaws of the native alligator, the American crocodile,—one of the largest of which now came looming towards them. The captive was forgotten in their own danger; and swimming with all their skill, in a zigzag manner, they contrived to baffle his pursuit, and half exhausted, the two warriors reached and clambered up the banks, just as their ferocious pursuer, close upon their heels, had opened his tremendous jaws, ready to engulf them. They were safe, though actually pursued even up the banks by the monster. Their late captive, the fugitive, was now safe also. Paddling as well as he could with a broken flap-oar, he reached the opposite shore, a few miles from the Block House, not very much fatigued, and in perfect safety.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MR. MATTHEWS IS STUBBORN.

LET us somewhat retrace our steps, and go back to the time, when, made a prisoner in the camp of the Yemassee, Harrison was borne away a destined victim for the sacrifice to their god of victory. Having left him, as they thought, secure, the war-party, consisting, as already described, of detachments from a number of neighboring nations, proceeded to scatter themselves over the country. Two parties of some force, making their way along the river Pocotaligo, diverging for a few miles on the English side, had assailed every dwelling and settlement in their way to the Block House.

One of these parties was commanded by Chorley, who, in addition to his seamen, was intrusted with the charge of twenty Indians. Equally savage with the party which he commanded, the path of this ruffian was traced in blood. He offered no obstacle to the sanguinary indulgence, on the part of the red men, of their habitual fury in war; but rather stimulated their ferocity by the indulgence of his own. Unaccustomed, however, to a march through the forests, the progress of the seamen was not so rapid as that of the other party dispatched on the same route; and many of the dwellings, therefore, had been surprised and sacked some time before the sailor commander could make his appearance. The Indian leader who went before him was Ishiagaska, one of the most renowned warriors of the nation. He was not slow in the performance of his mission; but fortunately for the English, warned by the counsels of Harrison, the greater number in this precinct had taken timely shelter in the Block House. Still, there were some not so fortunate; and the Indians drove their tomahawks into many of the defenceless cotters who came to the door in recognition of the demand which they made for admission. Once in possession, their aim was indiscriminate

slaughter, and one bed of death not unfrequently comprised the entire family—husband, wife, and children.

In this way, sparing none, whether young or old, male or female, the band led on by Ishiagaska appeared at length before the dwelling of the pastor, Matthews. Relying upon his reputation with the Indians, and unapprehensive of any commotion, we have seen him almost rudely indifferent to the advice of Harrison. He stubbornly held out in his determination to abide where he was, though somewhat staggered in his confidence when, in their flight to the shelter of the Block House, under Harrison's counsel, the old dame Grayson, with her elder son, stopped at his dwelling. He assisted the lady to alight from her horse, and helped her into the house for refreshments, while her son busied himself with the animal.

"Why, what's the matter, dame? What brings you forth at this late season? To my mind, at your time of life, the bed would be the best place, certainly," was the address of the pastor as he handed her some refreshment.

"What, you haven't heard? Hasn't the captain told you? I thought you'd be one of the first to hear it all. Captain Harrison told us about the savages—how they were thinking to rise and tomahawk us all in our beds; and then he offered to lend me his horse, for he knew how feeble I was."

"And so, with this wild story, he has made you travel over the country by night, when you should be in your bed. It is too bad. I think he is amusing himself at our expense, with a levity most improper, by alarming the country."

"Well, if you think so, I don't care to go farther, for I don't expect to be at all comfortable in the Block House. So, if you can make me up a truck here—"

"Surely, dame,—Bess, my dear——"

But the proposed arrangement was interrupted by Walter Grayson, who just then appeared, and who protested against his mother's stopping short of the original place of destination.

"You must not think of it, mother. I'm sure the captain knows what's right, and wouldn't say what was not certain."

"But, Watty, boy—the parson says it's only the captain's fun, and we'll only have to take a longer ride in the morning if we go on farther to-night."

The son looked scowlingly upon the pastor, as he responded:—

"Well, perhaps the parson knows better than anybody else; but give me the opinion of those whose business it is to know. Now, I believe in the captain whenever fighting's going on, and I believe in the parson whenever preaching's going on—so, as it's fighting and not preaching now, I believe in the captain, and I won't believe in the parson. But, I say, parson—I think it little better than backbiting to speak disreputably of the captain, just when he's gone into the very heart of the nation, to see what we are to expect, and all for our benefit."

A new speaker now came forward, in the person of Bess Matthews, who, advancing from the side of her mother, thus addressed Grayson:

"Where, Master Grayson, did you say Captain Harrison had gone?"

"Ah, Miss Bessy, I'm glad to see you. But you may well ask, for it's wonderful to me how anybody can undervalue a noble gentleman just at the time he's risking his own life for us all. Who knows but at this moment the Yemassee are scalping him in Pocotaligo, for it's there he is gone."

"You do not speak certainly, Master Grayson—it is only your conjecture?" was her inquiry, while the lip of the maiden trembled, and the color fled hurriedly from her cheek.

"Ay, but I do, Miss Bessy, for I put him across the river myself, and it was then he lent me the horse for mother. I don't want to have any of mine scalped, and so, mother, let us be off."

The old woman half hesitated, and seemed rather inclined once more to change her decision and go with her son; but

happening to detect a smile upon the lips of the pastor, she grew more obstinate than ever, and peremptorily declared her determination to stay where she was. Grayson seemed perfectly bewildered, when an auxiliary appeared in the person of his younger brother. To him the elder appealed, and a close observer might have detected another change in the countenance of the old dame at the approach of her younger son.

"And what do you say, Hughey?" inquired the dame, affectionately. "Must we go to the Block House?"

"Did we not set out to go there?"

"But the parson thinks there is no danger, Hughey."

"That is, doubtless, what he thinks. There are others having quite as much experience, who think there is danger, and as you have come so far, it will not be much additional trouble to go farther and to a place of safety."

The young man spoke without hesitation, but with a manner the most respectful. His words were conclusive with his mother. Drawing the strings of her hat, with a half suppressed sigh, she departed, attended by her elder son, the younger remaining behind, much against the desire of the anxious mother, though promising soon to follow. Their departure was succeeded by a few moments of silence, for which each of the parties had a particular reason. The pastor commenced the conversation.

"The Indians," said he, "have been and are quiet enough. We have no reason to anticipate assault now."

"My brother," replied Grayson, "is himself acquainted with much in the conduct of the Indians, calculated to create suspicion, and from Captain Harrison he gets the rest."

"Ay, Harrison again—no evidence is good without him, and with him a good jest is authority enough."

"I love him not, sir, any more than yourself," said Grayson, gloomily; "but there is reason in what he tells us now."

"Father!" said Bess, coming forward, and putting her hand on the old man's shoulder—"let us go to the Block

House, only for the night, or at most two or three nights—for Gabriel said the danger would be soon over.”

“Go to, girl, and be not foolish. You are a good girl, Bess—a little timid, perhaps, but time will cure you of that,” and, patting her on the head, the old man rose, and took his way into his own apartment. Some household duties at the same moment demanding the consideration of the old lady in another room, she left the young people alone together.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

BESS CONVULSED WITH TERROR.

THE departure of the pastor and his wife was productive of some little awkwardness in those who remained. For a few moments, a deathlike stillness succeeded. Grayson broke the silence.

“Miss Matthews, I despise myself for some of my doings, of which my mad passion for you has been the cause.”

“Speak no more of this, Master Grayson—freely did I forgive you that error. No more, Master Grayson.”

“I will not—forgive me; you know how you rebuked me, but that rebuke did not restrain the error—it impelled me to a new one——”

“What new one, Hugh?”

“Hear me! This man Harrison came to our cottage—to my mother, and would have persuaded her to fly this morning—but I prevented the removal. He saw my brother, however, and was more successful with him. Leaving you in a mood little short of madness this afternoon, I hurried home, but there I could not rest, and I wandered from the house into the woods. After a while came the tread of a horse rapidly driving up the river-trace. The rider was Harrison. He alighted at a little distance from me, and threw himself upon the grass. I heard him murmuring your name—he spoke

of you as his own. Then I maddened. Then I grew fiendish. I sprang upon him, with my knee upon his breast—one hand upon his throat, and with my knife in the other——”

“Stay!—God—man—say that you slew him not! You struck not—oh! he lives!” was all that she could utter as, convulsed with terror, she sank back fainting upon the floor of the apartment. Grayson had not calculated the consequences of his imprudent narrative upon a mind so sensitive. He was now aware of his error, and his alarm was extreme. He lifted her from the floor, and supported her to a seat, endeavoring to restore her to consciousness. While he was thus employed the pastor reëntered the apartment.

“Ha! what is the matter with my child? What has happened? Speak, Master Grayson! My child! Look up!”

With a shriek she started to her feet, and lifting her hand, she exclaimed:

“Away! thou murderer—come not nigh me—look not on me—touch me not with thy hands of blood. Away!”

“God of Heaven!” exclaimed Grayson, “I am no murderer, Miss Matthews. He lives—I struck him not. Forgive me!”

He seized her hand, carried it suddenly to his lips, and immediately left the dwelling. A brief dialogue between him and the pastor, at the entrance, partially explained to the latter the previous history. The disposition of Matthews in regard to the pretensions of Grayson to his daughter’s hand—of which he had long been conscious—was rather favorable than otherwise. It was, therefore, with no little regret that he beheld his departure under circumstances so unfavorable to his suit.

Grayson hurried from the cottage under strong excitement. His course now was to adopt energetic measures in preparing for any contest that might happen with the Indians. The obstinacy of the pastor in refusing to take the shelter of the Block House, led him more closely to reflect upon the consequent exposure of Bess Matthews; and the danger became magnified to his eyes. He threw himself upon the steed of

Harrison, as soon as he reached the Block House; and set off at once, to arouse such of the neighboring foresters as had not yet made their appearance at the place of gathering.

The pastor, on parting with the disappointed youth, reëntered the dwelling, and his daughter knelt suddenly before him.

"Bless me, dear father—bless me, and let me retire."

"God bless you, Bess—and watch over and protect you—but what disturbs you? You are troubled."

"I know not, father—but I fear. I fear something terrible, yet know not what. My thoughts are all in confusion."

"You need sleep, my child, and quiet. Go to your mother, and may the good angels keep you."

She arose, and with a kiss affectionately bidding him good night retired to her chamber, first passing a few moments with her mother in the adjoining room.

CHAPTER XL.

"DUGDALE NO BETTER SARBANT DAN HECTOR."

WITH the first moment of the rise of the moon on the eastern summits, the watchful Hector prepared to execute the charge which his master had given him at parting. Releasing Dugdale from the log to which he had been bound, he led the animal down to the river's brink, and through the tangled route known only to the hunter. With a few words, he cheered him on, and pushing him to the slight trench made by the horse's hoof, he thrust his nose gently down upon it, while taking from his head the muzzle; without which he must have been a dangerous neighbor to the Indians, for whose pursuit he had been originally trained.

"Now, go wid you, Dugdale; be off, and look out for your maussa. Dis de track ob de critter. Nose 'em, old boy—nose 'em well. Hark 'em, boy, and hole 'em fast."

The animal looked intelligently up into the face of his keeper, then stooping down, drew a long breath as he scented the designated spot, coursed a few steps quickly around it, and then, as if perfectly assured, sent forth a long deep bay, and set off on the direct route with all the fleetness of a deer.

“Da good dog dat, dat same Dugdale. But he hab reason—Hector no gib ’em meat for not’ing. Wonder way maussa pick up da name for ’em; speck he Spanish—in English, he bin Dogdale.”

Thus soliloquizing, after his own fashion, the negro turned his eyes in the direction of the strange vessel, lying about a mile and a half above the bank upon which he stood, and now gracefully outlined by the soft light of the moon. While the black looked, his eye was caught by a stir upon the bank opposite; and, at length, shooting out from the shelter of brush which fringed a small lagoon¹ in that direction, he saw eight or ten large double canoes making for the side of the river upon which he stood. They seemed filled with men, and their paddles were moved with a velocity only surpassed by the silence which accompanied their use. The negro now doubly aroused in anxiety for his master, took his way back with a hurry proportioned to what he felt was the urgency of the case. It did not take him long to reach the Block House, into which he soon found entrance, and gave the alarm. Proceeding to the quarter in which the wife of Granger kept her abode, he demanded from her a knife—while informing her of the approaching enemy.

“What do you want with a knife, Hector?”

“I want ’em, missis—da’s all—I guine after maussa.”

“What! the captain?—why, where is he, Hector?”

“Speck he in much trouble. I must go see a’ter ’em. Dugdale gone ’ready—Dugdale no better sarbant² dan Hector.”

“But, Hector, you can be of very little good if the Indians are out. You don’t know where to look for the captain.”

¹ or lagoon, shallow pond or lake.

² servant,

"I can't help it, missis—I must go. I hab hand and foot—I hab eye for see—I must go look for maussa."

"Well, Hector, if you will go, here's the knife, and here's your master's gun. You must take that too."

"Well, da 'nough—I no want any more. I gone, missis, I gone—but 'member—ef maussa come back and Hector loss—'member, I say, I no run way. I scalp—I drown—I dead—ebbery ting happen to me—but I no run way."

With these last words, the faithful black started upon his adventure of danger, resolute in the warm affection which he bore his master to contend with every form of difficulty.

CHAPTER XLI.

ISHIAGASKA AND HIS BAND.

LET us now return to the chamber of Bess Matthews. She slept not soundly, but unconsciously, and heard not the distant but approaching cry—"Sangarraha-me—Sangarraha-me!" The war had begun; and in the spirit and with the words of Yemassee battle, the thirst for blood was universal among their warriors.

It was not long before Ishiagaska came to the little cottage of the pastor. The lights had been all extinguished, and, save on the eastern side, the dwelling lay in the deepest shadow. With the wonted caution of the Indian, the wily savage approached the cottage with his party. He stationed them around it, concealed each under his tree. He alone advanced to the dwelling with the stealth of a panther, and proceeded on tiptoe to try the fastenings of every window. The door he felt was secure—so was each window in the body of the house, which he encompassed, noting every aperture in it. At length he came to the chamber where Bess Matthews slept,—a chamber forming one-half of the little shed, or addition to the main dwelling, the other half being occupied for the same

purpose by her parents. He placed his hand upon the shutter, and with savage joy felt it yield beneath his touch.

The moment Ishiagaska made this discovery, he retreated to a little distance, and with a signal which had been agreed upon gave notice to his band for their approach. They came forward, and a party having been stationed at the door in silence, their leader with another party returned to the window. Lifted quietly upon the shoulders of two of them, Ishiagaska was at once upon a level with it. By the light of the moon which streamed into the little apartment, he was enabled with a single glance to take in its contents. The girl lay motionless, and the wily savage succeeded in gaining the floor of her chamber without disturbing the sleeper. Here he stood, silent for awhile, surveying the beautiful outline of his victim's person. Her long tresses hung about her neck, one arm fell over the side of the couch, the other lay pressed upon her bosom above her heart.

The savage looked without emotion. Nor was he long disposed to hesitate. Assisting another of the Indians into the apartment, who passed at once through it into the hall adjoining, the door of which he was to unbar for the rest, Ishiagaska now approached the couch, and drawing his knife from the sheath, the broad blade was raised, shining bright in the moonbeams. With one hand he lifted aside the long white finger that lay upon her breast, and in the next instant the blow would have descended fatally, but that the maiden's sleep was less sound than it appeared. His footsteps had not disturbed her, but his touch did. The pressure of his grasp brought instant consciousness to her sense. Turning uneasily she felt the savage gripe upon her fingers. It was an instinct, swift as the lightning, that made her grasp the uplifted arm with a strength of despairing nature. She started with a shriek, and the change of position partially diverted the descending weapon of death. It grazed slightly aside, inflicting a wound, of which, at that moment, she was perfectly unconscious. Again she cried out

with a convulsive scream, as she saw him transfer the knife from the one to the other hand. With a single apostrophe—

“God be merciful—oh! my father—oh! Gabriel, save me— Ah! God, God—he cannot,” her eyes closed, and she lay supine under the knife of the savage.

But the first scream which she uttered had reached the ears of her father, who had been more sleepless than herself. Starting from his couch, and seizing a massive club which stood in the corner of his chamber, he rushed into the apartment of Bess, and happily in time. Her own resistance had been sufficient to give pause for this new succor, and it ceased just when the old man, striking a blow which, effectually diverting Ishiagaska from the maiden, compelled him to defend himself. Ishiagaska, pressed thus, had recourse to his tomahawk, which he threw at the head of his approaching assailant. But the aim was wide—the deadly weapon flew into the opposite wall, and the blow of the club rang upon the head of the Indian with sufficient effect to bring him down.

Meanwhile a troop of savages rushed through the main entrance, now open. Then a light borne by the half-dressed wife of the pastor appeared at the door. By her screams she gave new terrors to the scene. At the same moment, followed by his daughter, who vainly entreated him to remain in the chamber, the pastor rushed forward, wielding his club, so successful already against one enemy. But in a moment they had him down—the club wrested from his hands, and he now lay without strength or struggle under the knives of his captors.

As she beheld the condition of her father, all fear passed away instantly from the mind of Bess Matthews. She threw herself between the red men and their victim, and entreated their knives to her heart rather than to his. But she spoke to unwilling ears. Ishiagaska, recovered from the blow which had stunned him, was inflamed to double ferocity by the stout defence which had been offered where he had been taught to

anticipate so little; and, with a fierce cry, seizing Bess by the hair, he waved the tomahawk in air. Another savage seized the old lady. These sights rearoused the pastor. With a desperate effort he threw his enemy from his breast, and was about to rise, when the stroke of a stick from one of the captors descended stunningly, but not fatally, and sent him once more to the ground.

“Father—father!—God of mercy!” exclaimed the girl, “they have slain my father!” and she struggled with her captor, but without avail. There was but an instant now, and she saw the hatchet descending—a simultaneous movement of the Indians placing both of her parents at the same moment in anticipation of the same awful destiny that threatened her.

CHAPTER XLII.

CHORLEY COMES IN TIME.

THE blow was stayed—the death, deemed inevitable, was averted—the captives lived. The descending arm was arrested, the weapon thrown aside, and a voice of authority interposed for their safety. The new comer was Chorley, heading his marines, and Indians. He was not displeased that he had been delayed so long. There was a merit in his appearance at a moment so perilous, which promised him advantages he had not contemplated before. He could now urge a claim to the gratitude of the maiden, for her own and the safety of her parents, upon which he built strongly his desire to secure her person, if not her heart.

He came at the last moment, but he came in time. With muscles of iron he grasped the arm of the savage, and thrust him back from his more delicate victim, while he commanded the savages to yield their prisoners. A spear-thrust from one of his men enforced the command, which was otherwise disregarded in the case of the Indian bestriding Mr. Matthews,

and the old pastor stood once more erect. But Ishiagaska was not so disposed to yield his captives.

"Is not Ishiagaska a chief of the Yemassee? Our white brother is like a cunning bird that is lazy. He looks from the tree all day, and when the other bird catches the fly, he steals it out of his teeth. Ishiagaska catches no fly for the stranger."

"Well, as you please," replied Chorley, "but they are mine now, and you may better yourself as you can."

The Indian, without a word, rushed fiercely at the throat of the sailor, driving forward one hand for that purpose, while the other aimed a blow at his head with his hatchet. But the sailor was sufficiently familiar with Indian warfare. Adroitly evading the direct assault, he bore back the weapon with a stroke that sent it wide from the owner's hand, and grasping him by the throat, waved him to and fro as an infant in the grasp of a giant. The followers of the chief, not discouraged by this evidence of superiority, or by the greater number of seamen with their white ally, rushed forward to his rescue, and the probability is that the affair would have been one of mixed massacre but for the coolness of Chorley.

"Men—each his man! Short work, as I order. Drop muskets, and close handsomely."

The order was obeyed with promptitude, and the Indians were belted in, as by a hoop of iron, without room to lift a hatchet or brandish a knife, while each of the whites had singled out an enemy, at whose breast a pistol was presented. The sailor captain in the meanwhile appropriated Ishiagaska to himself, and closely encircled him with one powerful arm, while the muzzle of his pistol rested upon the Indian's head. But the affair was suffered to proceed no further. Chorley, whose desire was that control of the savages without which he could hope to do nothing, was satisfied of the adequacy of what he had done towards his object. Releasing his own captive, therefore, with a laugh, he addressed Ishiagaska:

"That's the way, chief, to deal with the enemy. We are no enemies of yours, and have had fun enough."

"It is fun for our white brother," was the stern and dry response. "Will our brother take the white prophet¹ and the women, and give nothing to the Yemassee? The English buy from the Yemassee, and the Yemassee gets when he gives. Our brother would have them for himself, and will give his small gun for them."

"Well, it's a bargain. The captives are mine, and here's the pistol."

Scarcely had the weapon been placed in the hands of the wily savage, than he hastily thrust it at the head of the pirate, and drew the trigger. A loud laugh from Chorley followed. He had seen enough of the Indian character to have anticipated the result of the exchange just made, and gave him a pistol, therefore, which had a little before been discharged.

"How now, my red brother—didst thou think I could be killed by such as thee? The shot can't touch me—I have a charm from the prophet of the Spaniards."

The pastor, employed hitherto in sustaining the form of his still but half-conscious daughter, had been a silent spectator of this strange scene. But he now, finding as long as it lasted that the nerves of Bess would continue unstrung, implored that they might be relieved of their savage company.

"What, and you continue here?" replied the sailor. "They would murder you the moment I am gone."

"What, then, are we to do—where go—where find safety?"

"You must go with me, and while on shore you must remain with us. After that, my vessel will give you shelter."

"Never, dear father, tell him no—better that we should die by the savage," was the whispered language of Bess as she heard this suggestion. A portion of her speech was audible to the seaman.

"What's that you say, my sweet bird of beauty?"

¹ meaning the pastor.

"She only speaks to me, captain," said the pastor, unwilling that the only protector they now had should be offended by an indiscreet remark.

"We are friends again, Ishiagaska," was the address of the seaman extending his hand to the chief, as the latter took his departure on his way to the Block House. The proffered hand was scornfully rejected.

"Is Ishiagaska a dog that shall come when you whistle, and put his tail between his legs when you storm?"

"Well, go and who cares? But that the fellow may be useful, I could send a bullet through his red skin with appetite."

A few moments put them in as great a state of readiness for their departure as, under the circumstances, they could make. The party then moved on, in the direction of the Block House, which Chorley hoped to find unguarded, and to which he hurried, as rapidly as possible, in order to be present at the sack. He felt that it must be full of the valuables of all those who had sought its shelter, and he did not scruple to compel the captives to keep pace with his party, as it was necessary, before proceeding to the assault, that he should place them in a condition of comparative safety. A small cottage lay on the banks of the river, a few miles from his vessel, and in sight of it. To this spot he hurried, and there, under the charge of three marines, well armed, he left the jaded family. Having so done, he went onward to the work of destruction, where we shall again come up with him.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

THE inmates of the Block House had been warned by Hector of the probable approach of danger, and preparation was the word in consequence. But what was the preparation meant? Under no distinct command, every one had his own

favorite idea of defence, and all was confusion in their councils. There was really but a single spirit sufficiently deliberate for the occasion. That spirit was a woman's—the wife of Granger. Calling Wat Grayson, and leading him aside, she proceeded to suggest various measures of preparation and defence, and concluded with insisting upon his taking the command.

“The greater number of the men here are of the Green Jackets, and you are next in command to Captain Harrison.”

“You are right,” was the reply; and immediately going forward with a voice of authority, Grayson, calling only the Green Jackets around him, proceeded to organize them, and put himself in command as first lieutenant of the corps. This announcement was received with a shout, and the majority recognized the new commander, who then numbered his force, assigned different bodies to different stations, and sent the women and children into the upper and most sheltered apartment. The force was small enough, the whole number of men in the Block House not exceeding twenty-five.

Having completed his arrangements with respect to the security of the women and children, Grayson proceeded to call a sort of council of war for further deliberation; and having put sentinels at different points of the building, the more “sage, grave men” of the garrison proceeded to their further arrangements. One of them was Dick Grimstead the blacksmith. Nichols was also chosen. Granger made the third, and, presiding somewhat as chairman, Grayson, the fourth. The wife of Granger was present throughout the debate.

“What are we to do?” was the general question.

“Can we send out a party for scouts?” said the commander.

“I think not,” said the smith. “It will require all the men we have, to keep watch at the loop-holes. I can’t skulk in the bush, like Granger. I’m too fat for that. If I were such a skeleton as Nichols there, I’d volunteer as a scout.”

“I won’t volunteer,” cried Nichols, hastily. “It will set a bad example, and my absence might be fatal.”

At that moment, a shrill scream of the whip-poor-will smote upon the senses of the council.

"It is the Indians—that is a favorite cry of the Yemassees," said the wife of Granger. The company started to their feet, and seized their weapons. As they were about to descend to the lower story, the woman seized upon the arm of Grayson, and craved his attendance in the adjoining apartment. He followed; and leading him to the only window in the room, without disturbing any around her, she pointed out a fallen pine tree, evidently thrown down within the night, which barely rested upon the side of the log house, with all its branches, and but a few feet below the aperture through which they looked. The danger arising from this new situation was perceptible at a glance.

"The window must be defended. Two stout men will answer. But they must have muskets," spoke the woman.

"They shall have them," said Grayson. "I will send Mason and your husband."

"Do—I will keep it till they come."

"You?" with some surprise, inquired Grayson.

"Yes, Master Grayson—is there anything strange in that? I have no fears. Go—send your men."

Grayson descended, and despatched Granger and Mason with muskets to the defence of the window. They prepared to go up; but, to their consternation, Mason, who was a bulky man, had scarcely reached midway up the ladder, when, snapping off in the middle, down it came; breaking off all communication between the upper and lower stories of the house until it could be repaired. This accident deeply impressed the wife of the trader with the dangers of their situation; and, in much anxiety, she paced the room in momentary expectation of the enemy.

CHAPTER XLIV.

DUGDALE TO THE RESCUE.

HUGH GRAYSON, with all his faults, and they were many, was in reality a noble fellow. He usually came to a knowledge of his error before it had led too far, so in the present instance he strove to forget the feelings of the disappointed lover, in the duties of the man and citizen. With the steed of Harrison, he set off to beat up recruits for the strife which he now began to believe was at hand. The foresters were ready ; for one condition of security in border life was the willingness to volunteer in defence of one another ; and a five-mile ride gave him as many followers. But his progress was stopped short by an unlooked-for circumstance. The tread of a body of horse reached the ears of his party, and they slunk into cover. In the imperfect light they discovered a mounted force of twenty or thirty men. Another survey made them out to be friends.

“Who goes there?” cried the leader, as Grayson emerged from the bush.

“Friends—well met. There is still time,” was the reply.

“I hope so—I have pushed for it,” said the commander, “as soon as Sir Edmund gave the orders.”

“Ha! you were advised then of this, and come from—”

“Beaufort,” cried the officer, “with a detachment of twenty-eight for the upper Block House. Is all well there?”

“Ay, when I left; but things are thought to look squally, and I have just been beating up volunteers for preparation.”

“’Tis well—but this cursed road is continually throwing me out. Will you guide us, so that no time may be lost?”

“Ay—follow—we are now seven miles from the Block, and I am as familiar with the road as with my own hands.”

Led by Grayson they had ridden some distance, when a shot, then a shout, reached their ears.

“A mile farther,” cried Grayson—“and we must hide our horses in the woods, and take the bush on foot. Horse won’t do here ; we shall make too good a mark.”

A few moments after and they descended, each fastening his horse to a tree in the shelter of a little bay ; and they proceeded, alive with expectation, in the direction of the fray.

It is high time that we now return to our fugitive, whose escape from his Indian prison has already been recorded. Paddling his canoe with difficulty, Harrison drew a long breath as it struck the opposite bank in safety. He leapt ashore, and, at the very first step which he took, a bright column of flame rose above the forests in the direction of the Graysons’ cottage. He was not long in reaching it, and the prospect realized many of his fears. The Indians had left their traces, and the dwelling was wrapped in flames. The thought of the whole frontier, and more than all, to his heart, the thought of Bess Matthews, drove him onward—the blazing ruins lighting his way some distance through the woods.

He had not gone far when a second and sudden volume of fire rushed up above the trees only a little distance from him on the left, and he could hear the crackling of the timber. He kept his way, until, at length, emerging from the brush and foliage, a small lake lay before him, which he knew to be not more than three miles from the dwelling of Bess Matthews. He immediately prepared to take the path he had usually pursued, to the left, which carried him upon the banks of the river. At that moment his eye caught the motion of a small body of the savages in that very quarter. One-third of the whole circuit of the lake lay between them and himself, and he now changed his course to the right, in the hope to avoid them. But they had seen, and prepared to intercept him. They divided for this purpose, and while, with shouts and fierce halloos, one party retraced their steps and came directly after him, another, in perfect silence, advanced on their course to the opposite quarter of the lake, in the hope to waylay him in front.

Of this arrangement Harrison was perfectly unaware, and upon this he did not calculate. Through brake and bush, heat and water, he went forward, now running, now walking. The woods thickened into copse around him, and he began to feel something more of hope. He could hear more distinctly the cries of war, and he now fancied that many of the shouts that met his ears were those of the English.

In this thought he plunged forward, and as one fierce halloo went up which he felt to be from his friends, he could not avoid the impulse which prompted him to shout forth in response. At that moment, bounding over a fallen tree, he felt his course arrested. His feet were caught by one who lay hid beside it, and he came heavily to the ground. The Indian who had lain in ambush was soon above him, and he had but time to ward with one arm a blow aimed at his head, when another savage advanced upon him. These two formed the detachment which had been sent forward in front, for this very purpose, by the party in his rear. The prospect was desperate, and the efforts of Harrison were Herculean. His only weapon was the knife of Matiwan, but he was a man of great muscular power and exceedingly active. His faculties availed him now. With a sudden evolution, he shook one of his assailants from his breast, and opposed himself to the other while recovering his feet. A blow from a club for a moment paralyzed his arm, and he dropped his knife. Stooping to recover it, they pressed him to the ground, and further effort was unavailing. He saw the uplifted hand, and felt that his senses swam with delirious thought—his eyes were hazy, and he muttered a confused language.

At that moment the deep bay of his own favorite hound reached his ears. The assailants heard it too—he felt assured of that, as, half starting from their hold upon him, they looked anxiously around. Another moment, and he had no further doubt; the cry of thirst and anger—the mixed moan and roar of the well-known animal, was close at hand. One of the Indians

sprang immediately to his feet—the other was about to strike, when, with a last effort, he grasped the uplifted arm and shouted “Dugdale!” aloud. The favorite, with a howl of delight, bounded at the well-known voice, and in another instant Harrison felt the long hair and thick body pass directly over his face, then a single deep cry rang above him, and then he felt the struggle. He now strove again to take part in the fray, though one arm hung nervelessly beside him. He partially succeeded in freeing himself from the mass that had weighed him down; and looking up, saw the entire mouth and chin of the Indian in the jaws of the ferocious hound.

The savage knew his deadliest enemy, and his struggle was, not to destroy the dog, but to free himself from his hold. With this object his hatchet and knife had been dropped. His hands were vainly endeavoring to loosen the huge, steely jaws of his rough assailant from his own. The other Indian had fled with the first bay of the animal—probably the more willing to do so, as the momentary fainting of Harrison had led them to suppose him beyond further opposition. But he recovered; and, with recovering consciousness, resuming the firm grasp of his knife, which had fallen beside him, seconded the efforts of Dugdale by driving it into the breast of their remaining enemy, who fell dead, with his chin still between the teeth of the hound. Staggering as much with the excitement of such a conflict, as with the blow he had received, Harrison with difficulty regained his feet. Dugdale held on to his prey, and before he would forego his hold, completely cut the throat which he had taken in his teeth. A single embrace of his master attested the gratitude which he felt for the service of his favorite.

But there was no time for delay. The division which pursued him was at hand. Joined by the fugitive, and having heard his details, what was their surprise to find their own warrior a victim, bloody and perfectly dead upon the grass, where they had looked to have taken a scalp! Their rage knew no bounds, and they were now doubly earnest in pursuit. Just

then a party in front set up a loud shout, and the confusion of a skirmish was evident to the senses of Harrison as well as of his pursuers. This to him was a favorable sign. It indicated the presence of friends. He heard at length one shot, then another, and another, and at the same time the huzzas of the Carolinians. These inspired him with new courage; and he plunged forward through the brush which separated him from the unseen combatants, prompting the hound to set up a succession of cries, to cause a panic among the savages.

His movement was the signal to move, also, on the part of those who pursued him. But a few steps changed entirely the scene. He had rushed upon the rear of a band of the Yemassees, who, lying behind brush and logs, were skirmishing at advantage with a corps of foresters which we have seen led on by the younger Grayson. A single glance sufficed to put Harrison in possession of the facts of the case, and, though hazarding every chance of life, he bounded directly among, and through, the ambushed Indians. Not knowing the cause of such a movement, the Yemassees conceived themselves beset front and rear. They rose screaming from their hiding places, and yielded on each side of the fugitive. With an unhesitating hand he struck with his knife one of their chiefs who stood in his path. The hound leaping among them like a hungry panther, farther stimulated the panic, and for a moment they scattered about bewildered, and with a wholly purposeless action. The fierce and forward advance of that portion of their own allies who had been pursuing Harrison, still further contributed to impress them with the idea of an enemy in the rear; and, before they could discover the true state of things, he had passed them, followed by the obedient dog. In another instant, almost fainting with fatigue, he threw himself into the ranks of his sturdy band of foresters.

Without a pause he commanded their attention. Fully conscious of the confusion among the ambushers, he ordered an advance, and charged resolutely through the brush. The con-

test was now hand to hand, and the foresters took their tree when necessary, as well as their enemies. The presence of their captain gave them new courage, and the desperate manner in which he had charged through the party with which they fought, led them to despise their foes. This feeling imparted to the Carolinians a recklessness, which, new to them in such warfare, was not less new to the Indians. Half frightened before, the latter needed but such an attack to determine them to retreat. They faltered, and at length fled.

Harrison did not think it advisable to pursue them. His anxieties, at that moment, had in them something selfish, and he proceeded hurriedly to the house of old Matthews. It was empty—its inmates were gone, and the marks of savage devastation were all around them. He rushed through the apartments in despair, calling the family by name. What had been their fate—and where was she? The silence of everything around spoke to him, too loudly, and, with the hope that they had been sufficiently apprised of the approach of the Indians to have taken the shelter of the Block House, he proceeded to lead his men to that point.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE SMITH'S LAST BATTLE.

THE night wore on, still calm and serene in all its aspects about the Block House. Far away in the distance, like glimpses of a spirit, little sweeps of the river flashed upon the eye, streaking the sombre foliage of the swampy forest through which it stole. A single note—the melancholy murmur of the whip-poor-will—broke fitfully upon the silence, to which it gave an added solemnity. That single note indicated to the keepers of the fortress a watchfulness corresponding with their own.

“They are there—they are there—hidden in that wood,”—cried Grayson—“I’ll swear it.”

"What, where?"—asked Nichols.

"There, in the bush—now, down to the bluff—and now, by the bay on the right. They are all round us."

"By what do you know, Wat?"

"The whip-poor-will—that is their cry—their signal. But I have a notion that may prove of profit. Where is the captain's straw man—here, Granger, bring out Dugdale's trainer."¹

The stuffed figure was brought forward, the window looking in the direction of the grove supposed to shelter the savages was thrown open, and the head of the automaton thrust through the opening. The *ruse*² was completely successful. The foe could not well resist this temptation, and a flight of arrows, penetrating the figure, attested the presence of the enemy and the truth of his aim.

"Ay, there they are, sure enough—fifty of them at least, and we shall have them upon us, after this, monstrous quick, in some way or other," was the speech of Grayson.

"True—and we must be up and doing," said the smith; "we can now give them a shot, Hugh Grayson, for they will dance out from the cover, thinking they have killed one of us."

As Grimstead spoke, he drew three arrows from the bosom of the figure in which they were buried.

"Better there than in our ribs. But you are right. Stand back and let me have that loop. Ha! I see—there is one. The red devil, but he shall have it. Get ready, now, each at his loop, for if I hurt him they will rush out in fury."

The sharp click of the cock followed the words of Grayson, and the next moment the full report came burdened with a dozen echoes from the crowding woods around. A cry of pain—then a shout of fury followed; and as one of their leaders reeled and sank under the unerring bullet, the band in that station, as had been predicted by Grayson, rushed forth to

¹ a stuffed figure painted to resemble an Indian. With such figures, having a piece of raw meat hung from the neck, the early

French and Spanish settlers used to train hounds to hunt the Indians.

² French for *trick, deceit*.

where he stood, brandishing their weapons with fury, and lifting their wounded comrade to bear him to a place of concealment. They paid for their temerity. Following the direction of their leader, the Carolinians took as much advantage of the exposure of their enemies as the number of the loop-holes in that quarter of the building would admit. Five muskets told among the group, and a shout of fury indicated the service which the discharge had done. The savages sank back into cover, so that the garrison were unable to determine what had been the success of their discharges. Having driven them into the brush, however, without loss to themselves, the latter were now sanguine, where, only a moment before, their cheerless position had taught them a feeling of despondency.

The Indians had made their arrangements, on the other hand, with no little precaution. Their hope had been to take the borderers by surprise. Failing to succeed in this, they were now thrown all back. Their fury was consequently more than ever exaggerated by their losses, and, rushing forward in their desperation, the greater number placed themselves beneath the line of pickets, with so much celerity as to baffle, in most respects, the aim of the defenders. A few remained to bear away the wounded to a place of safe shelter in the thick woods, while the rest lay, either in quiet under the walls of the Block House, secure there from the fire of the garrison, or amused themselves in cries of sarcasm to those within, while impotently expending blows upon the insensible logs between them. The elder Grayson, who directed the movements of the beleaguered, was not unwilling that the assailants should amuse themselves after this fashion, as the delay of the Indians was to them the gain of time.

But Ishiagaska with his force now came upon the scene, and somewhat changed the aspect of affairs. He took the entire command, reinvigorated the efforts of the red men, and considerably altered the mode and direction of attack. The force immediately beneath the walls, and secure from the shot of the

garrison, were reinforced, and in so cautious a manner, that the Carolinians were entirely ignorant of the increased strength of the enemy in that quarter. Creeping, as they did, from bush to bush—they put themselves into cover, crossing the intervening space without the loss of a man. Having thus collected in force beneath the walls of the fortress, the greater number proceeded to gather up in piles immense quantities of the dry pine trash and the gummy turpentine wood which the neighborhood readily afforded. Other parties watched the garrison, with bows ready, and arrows on the string.

Meanwhile, the piles of combustible matter were heaped in thick masses around the more accessible points of the pickets; and the first intimation which the garrison had of their proceeding was a sudden gust of flame, blazing first about the gate of the area, on one side of the Block House, then rushing from point to point with amazing rapidity, sweeping and curling widely around the building itself. The flames soon aroused the indwellers to a consciousness of the danger now at hand. A fierce shout of their assailants, as they beheld the rapid progress of the experiment, warned them to greater exertion if they hoped to escape the dreadful fate which threatened to engulf them. To remain where they were, was to be consumed in the flames; to rush forth, was to encounter the tomahawks of an enemy five times their number.

It was a moment of gloomy necessity, that which assembled the chief defenders of the fortress to a sort of war-council. The condition of affairs was deplorable. The women wept and prayed, the children screamed, and the principal men were gathered in the centre of the hall, sitting with downcast heads and fronting one another, their muskets resting idly between their legs, their attitudes signifying clearly the due increase of apprehension in their minds with the progress of the flames. A general pause ensued after their assemblage, none seeming able to offer counsel. Nichols was the first man to break the silence, which he did in his usual manner:

“And why, my friends, are we here assembled? I answer, for the good of the people. We are here to protect them if we can, and to perish for and with them, if we must. Be it for me, at least, though I stand alone in this particular, to do for the people whatever wisdom or valor may do until the moment comes which shall call on us for surrender.”

“Who talks of surrender?” growled the smith, as he cast a glance of ferocity at the speaker. “We are all here to die, if there’s any need for it; but that isn’t the trouble. It’s how we are to die—that’s the question. Are we to stay here and be burned to death—to sally out and be shot, or to volunteer, as I do now, ax in hand, to go out and cut down the pickets that immediately join the house? By that we may put a stop to the fire, and then we shall have a clear dig at the savages that lie behind them. If anybody’s willing to go along with me, let him up hands—no talk—we have too much of that already.”

“I am ready—here!” cried Grayson.

“No, Wat,” cried the smith—“not you—you must stay and manage here. The muskets from these holes, above and below, will keep off the Indians, while a few of us cut down the stakes; so now, men, as time grows short I’ll for the timber, let him follow who will.”

Thus saying, the blacksmith pushed forward, throwing open the door leading to the area which the fire in great part now beleaguered, while Grayson made arrangements to command the group with his musketry, and to keep the entrance, thus opened for Grimstead and his party, with his choicest men. The blacksmith was one of those blunt, burly fellows who take with the populace. It was not difficult for him to procure three men where twenty were ready. In a few moments the party sallied forth through the entrance, which was kept ajar for their ingress, and well watched by half a dozen of the stoutest men in the garrison, Grayson at their head. Grimstead commenced his tremendous blows upon the pickets, followed with like zeal by the three men who had volunteered

along with him. Down went the first post beneath his arm, and as he was about to assail another, a huge Santee warrior stood in the gap which he had made, and, with a powerful blow from the mace which he carried—had our blacksmith been less observant—would have soon finished his career. But Grimstead, leaping aside from the blow, gave due warning to his ax-men, who forebore their strokes under his command. The aperture was yet too small for any combat of the parties; and he dispatched one of his men to Grayson, and gave directions which, had they been complied with, had certainly given the advantage to the garrison.

“Now, boys, you shall have fun. I have sent for some hand to hand men to do the fighting, while we do the chopping,—and Nichols, who loves dying so much, can’t help coming along with them.”

“Oh, he’s all flash in the pan, Grimstead. His tongue is mustard-seed enough, but ’taint the shot. But what’s that?—”

The speaker, who was one of Grimstead’s comrades, might well ask, for a whirling crash announced the fall of the huge gate to the entrance of the court. A volume of flame rushed up, but, as it subsided, the Indians lying in wait on the outside leaped with uplifted tomahawks through the blazing ruins, and pushed forward to the half-opened entrance of the Block House. The brave blacksmith threw himself in the way, and was singled out by the huge warrior who had struck at him through the picket. The savage was brave and strong, but the smith pressed him back upon his comrades, while his three aids, following his example, drove the intruders upon the blaze which flamed furiously around them. Already had a severe wound, which almost severed the arm of the Santee warrior from its trunk, confirmed the advantage gained by the whites, while severe hatchet wounds had diminished not a little the courage of his Indian fellows, when a new party came upon the scene of combat, changing its face and character, and diminishing still more the chances of the Carolinians.

This was Chorley, the captain of the pirate. Having lodged his captives, as we have seen, in a little hovel on the river's brink, he had proceeded with all due speed upon the steps of Ishiagaska. A single shot from one of his men warned the smith and his brave comrades of the new enemy before them. They gave back—the three survivors—one of the party having fallen in the first discharge. The Indians rushed upon them, and thus throwing themselves between, for a time defeated the aim of Chorley's musketeers. Fighting like a lion, as he retreated to the door of the Block House, the smith continued to keep unharmed, making at the same time some ugly wounds in the persons of his assailants.

A discharge from the Block House in the meantime retorted with good effect the attack of the sailors. The brave smith reached the door with a single unwounded follower, himself unhurt. His comrades threw open the entrance for his reception, but an instant too late. A parting shot from the muskets of the seamen was made with a fatal effect. Grimstead sank down upon the threshold as the bullet passed through his body—the ax fell from his hand—he grasped at it convulsively, and lay extended in part upon the sill of the door, when Grayson drew him within, and again securely closed it. His brother, a youth of sixteen, came down to him from the upper apartment where he had been stationed, and kneeling over him, tried to support his head. He strove to speak, but choked in the effort. A single convulsion, which turned him upon his face, and the struggle was all over. The battles of the smith were done.

CHAPTER XLVI.

DEFEAT AND FLIGHT.

THE force brought up by the younger Grayson, and now led by Harrison, came opportunely to the relief of the garrison. The flames had continued to rage so rapidly around the

building that its walls were at length greedily seized upon by the furious element, and the dense smoke, gathering through all its apartments, was alone sufficient to compel the retreat of its defenders. Nothing now was left them in their desperation but to sally forth even upon the knives and hatchets of their merciless foe. Fortunately, it was just about this period that the approach of Harrison, with his party, compelled the besiegers to change their position; and, however reluctant to suffer the escape of those so completely in their power, they were obliged to do so in the fear of an assault upon two sides—from the garrison before them, and from the foe in their rear.

Thus counselled by necessity, the assailing chiefs drew off their forces from the Block House, and, sinking into cover, prepared to encounter their new enemies. Ignorant, in the meantime, of the approach of Harrison or the force under him, Grayson wondered much at this movement of the besiegers, of which he soon had intelligence, and instantly prepared to avail himself of the privilege which it gave to the garrison of flight. He called his little force together, and having arranged the progress and general movement of his party, he carefully placed the women and children in the centre of his little troop, and sallied boldly forth into the woods, conscious of the dangers of the movement, but strengthened with those thoughts of lofty cheer with which Providence inspires the spirit of adventure in the hour of its trying circumstance.

There was something of pleasure in their very release from the confined circuit of the Block House, though now more immediately exposed to the tomahawk of the Indian; and with the absence of restraint, the foresters grew even cheerful and glad—a change of mood in which the women largely partook. Some few, indeed, of the more Puritanical among them, even went so far as to break out into a hymn of exultation and rejoicing, entirely forgetting the dangers still hanging around them, and contending warmly with Grayson when he undertook to restrain them. Not the least refractory of these was his own

mother, who every now and then burst forth into starts of psalmody, sufficient to set the entire tribe of Indians upon their track. The remonstrance of Grayson had little effect until he reminded her of his younger brother, the idolized Hugh and his will being her law in most things.

“Mother, if you do not hush up, I will tell Hugh of your obstinacy.”

“Well, well, Walter, my son, I am done. Thou art too hasty, I’m sure. Oh, bless me—”

Her speech was cut short by a fierce whoop of the Indians, followed by the huzzas of the whites at a greater distance, and the rapid fire of musketry, scattered widely along the whole extended range of forest around them. The party crept along into cover, until, at a spot where the trees were clustered with underwood into something like a copse, Grayson ordered a halt, and proceeded to arrange his men and their weapons for active conflict. The Indians seemed to lie betwixt them and the advancing Carolinians; and, perceiving this to be the case, Grayson threw the non-combatants under shelter in such a manner as to interpose those who could fight in the way of the coming red men, in the event of their being driven back upon them.

Harrison, as we may remember, had taken the command of the force which had been brought up through the industrious exertions of Hugh Grayson. The foresters, guided by him, each took his tree after the manner of the Indians, and with the advantage of weapons more certain to kill, and equally if not more certain in aim. From cover to cover, from tree to tree, the individual Carolinians rushed on against their now retreating enemies. The latter were met by the party from the Block House, under Ishiagaska and the pirate, and the fight commenced anew—a sort of running fight, however, for the Indians grew weary of a contest in which they had none of those advantages of number or circumstance which usually encourage them to war. The Carolinians still

pressed on, their numbers greatly increased by the presence of several slaves, who, volunteering even against the will of their masters, had armed themselves with knives or clubs, and, by their greater numbers, held forth a prospect of ultimately hemming in the smaller force of their enemy.

The engagement became a flight. The whites pressed closely upon the heels of the fugitives, who were at length suddenly brought up by a severe fire, directly upon their path, from the concealed party under Grayson. This completed their panic; and each, darting in the direction given him by his fears, sought for individual safety. The day dawned upon the forest, and every step of the route taken by the combatants was designated by blood.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A GOOD SHOT.

THE Indians were fairly defeated, Ishiagaska slain, and Chorley, the pirate, as soon as he saw the final and complete character of the defeat, silently withdrew, with his few remaining followers, from further conflict. There was one reward with which he consoled himself for his disaster—and that was Bess Matthews. Filled with fierce passion, as he thought of her, he took his way to the little cot on the river's edge, in which he had left his prisoners.

There was nothing now of conciliation in his deportment. His manner was impatient and stern. The pastor craved his attention, but he waved his hand impatiently, nor turned to him for an instant, until he had dispatched two of his men to the edge of the stream, where lay the small boat of the vessel, which had been carefully placed there by his orders. They gave him a shrill whistle as they reached it, which he immediately returned—then approaching the pastor, he scrupled not an instant in the development of the foul design which he had all along meditated.

“Hark ye, Matthews—this is no place for us now—I can’t protect ye any longer. I have done my best to save you, but it’s all over, and there’s but one way—you must go with us on board.”

“How, Chorley—go with you—and wherefore? I cannot—I will not.”

“What, will not? Oh ho! Do you suppose I am the man to listen to such an answer? No! no! I’ll take care of you whether you will or no! You shall go.”

“What mean you, Chorley? Are the savages successful—have they defeated our men? And you—wherefore do you fly—how have you fought—with us—for our people?”

The old pastor urged these questions incoherently, but yet with such directness as almost to bewilder the person he addressed. How, as the pastor argued—how, if the Yemassee have defeated the Carolinians—how was it that Chorley, who had been their ally, could not exert his power and protect them, and, on the other hand, if the Carolinians had been the victors, wherefore should he and his family fly from their own people? Unable well to meet these propositions, the native fierce impetuosity of the pirate came to his relief, and he proceeded in a style congenial with his true character.

“Shall I stay all day disputing with you about this nonsense? I tell you, you shall go. Look you, I have the power—look at these men—they force you to the ship, and all your talking will help you nothing. Come—away.”

“Never—never! Oh! father, let us die first!” was the exclamation of the maiden, clinging to the old man’s arm as the ruffian took a step towards her. “Touch me not. Away! I will not go—strike me dead first—but I will not go.”

“But you shall! What, ho! there, boys—do as I have told you.”

In a moment, the pastor and his child were torn asunder.

“Father—help—help! I lose thee—mother—father—Gabriel!”

“Villain, release me—give me back my child. Undo your hold—you shall suffer for this. Ha! ha! ha! they come—they come! Hurry, hurry, my people. Where are you—oh, Harrison, but come now—come now, and she is yours.”

They did come—the broad glare of sunlight on the edge of the forest was darkened by approaching shadows. A shot—another and another was heard—and the fugitives, who were Indians flying from the pursuing Carolinians, rushed forward headlong; but as they saw the group of whites on the river’s brink, thinking them enemies, they darted aside, and buried themselves in the forest, just as their pursuers came forth upon the scene. A single glance of Bess Matthews, as the ruffian suddenly seized upon and bore her to the boat, distinguished the manly form of her lover darting out of the thicket directly upon the path approaching them. She shrieked to him in a voice delirious with terror and hope, as the pirate, bearing her in his powerful grasp, strode into the boat, and bade the seamen push off, and pull away with all their vigor.

“Come to me, Gabriel—save me, save me, or I perish. It is I—thy own Bess—save me, save me.”

The cries of his betrothed had taught Harrison the condition of affairs. He rushed down to the beach, followed by his men, and with speechless agony the pastor pointed to the form of his daughter, hanging almost senseless upon the shoulder of her captor. The action of Harrison was immediate. In a moment the rifle was lifted to his shoulder, his eye singling out the exposed breast of the pirate, which lay uncovered, but just alongside of the drooping head of the maiden. The old pastor, terrified by what he saw, seized Harrison by the arm, and cried to him convulsively:

“Stay thy hand—shoot not; thou wilt slay my child.”

“Away, old man—give me room—away!” and with the words, with unscrupulous strength, Harrison hurled him from him upon the sands. He resumed his position and aim; and, fixing the sight upon that part of the bosom of his enemy least

concealed, resolutely drew the trigger. The effect was instantaneous. The next instant the maiden was seen released from the pirate's grasp and sinking down in the bottom of the boat, while he stood erect. That moment was more than death to Harrison; but what was his emotion of delight when, at the next, he beheld the pirate fall headlong over the side of the boat, and sink silently down beneath the overclosing waters.

But a new danger awaited the maiden; for in his fall, destroying the equipoise¹ of the skiff, its entire contents were precipitated into the stream; and while the two seamen struck off towards the vessel, the maiden lay in sight, sustained above the surface only by the buoyancy of her dress, and without exhibiting any other motion. A dozen from the shore at once struck the water, but which of all could leave the fearless Harrison behind him? On he dashes—on—on—now he nears her,—another moment found her insensible in his arms.

“Help—help,” was his cry to the rest, and to the shore;—he sustained her till it came. It was not long ere she lay in the arms of her parents, whose tears and congratulations came with their free consent, to make her preserver happy with the hand hitherto denied him.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A PERILOUS SERVICE.

HARRISON, thus blessed with happiness, appropriated but little time, however, to its enjoyment. Conveying the little family to a recess in the woods, and out of sight of the craft of the pirate, he led the foresters aside to explain his further desires to them in reference to their common duties.

“Joy, my brave fellows, and thanks to you for this last night's good service. You have done well. Grayson, give me your hand—you are a good soldier. Where's your brother?”

¹ balance.

"Here!" was the single word of response spoken from the background by the lips of Hugh Grayson. Harrison advanced to him, and extended his hand.

"Master Grayson, to you we owe most of our safety to-day. But for you, the sun would have found few of us with a scalp on. Your activity in bringing up the men has saved us. Accept my thanks, sir, in behalf of the country not less than of myself. I shall speak to you again on this subject, and in regard to other services in which your aid will be required."

The youth looked upon Harrison with a degree of surprise, which prevented him from making any adequate answer. Whence came that air of conscious superiority—that tone of command? The manner of Harrison had all the loftiness of a prince. But the speaker had again addressed the crowd.

"Hear me, gentlemen. I want from among you thirty volunteers—hardy, whole-souled fellows, who do not count heads in a scuffle. The enterprise is dangerous, and I beg that none may offer but those who are perfectly ready at any moment—to use the words of Dr. Nichols—to die for the country. The doctor himself, however, must not go, as he is too important to us in his surgical capacity."

Nichols, well pleased with the exception thus made, was not, however, willing to appear so, and, glad of the opportunity, could not forbear making something of a popular hit.

"How, captain—this may not be. I am not one of those, sir, altogether content to be denied the privilege of dying for my country when occasion calls for it."

"Oh, well, if you insist upon it, of course I can say nothing—we hold you pledged, therefore. There are now three of us—Master Hugh Grayson, I presume to place you as one with myself and Dr. Nichols volunteering upon this service."

Nichols had not contemplated so easily getting permission, and, well knowing his man, Harrison barely gave it, as he foresaw it would not be long before he would assume new ground, which would bring about a ready evasion of his responsibility.

The elder Grayson meanwhile volunteered also, followed by several others. But the surgeon now demanded to know the nature of the service.

"What matters it, doctor? It is an honorable, because a dangerous service. You shall know in time."

"That does not suit me, captain. What,—shall I suffer myself to be led blindfold upon a duty, the propriety of which may be doubtful? Sir, what security have I of the morality and the lawfulness of your proceeding?"

"Very true—you are right, and such being your opinion, I think you would err greatly to volunteer in this business. I want another man or two—we are something short."

As the leader spoke, Hector came forward, his head hanging on one shoulder, as if he feared rebuff for his presumption.

"Maussa—you let Hector go, he glad too much."

"You will knock a Spaniard on the head, sir, if I bid you?"

"Yes, maussa, and scalp 'em too, jist like dem Injin."

"You shall go. Now, men, see to your weapons. Our purpose is to seize upon that pirate vessel in the river. It's a perilous service, but not so perilous as it appears. I happen to know that there are now not two men on board of the vessel accustomed to the management of the guns—not fifteen on board in all. Granger has got us boats in plenty, and I have conceived a plan by which we shall attack her on all points. Master Hugh Grayson will command three of the boats, Master Walter Grayson three others, and the rest will be with me. You have now heard. Who is ready?"

The cry was unanimous: "Lead on—we are all ready."

"I thank you, my merry men. Master Hugh Grayson, and you, friend Walter,—let us counsel here a moment."

He led them aside, and together they matured the plan of attack. Then he led the way to the boats, eleven in number, which Granger had selected from those employed by the Indians in crossing the preceding night. The boat of Harrison shot ahead of the rest, bearing down full upon the broadside

of the pirate. This was the most dangerous point of approach. The two Graysons led their separate forces, the one to reach the opposite side, the other at the stern lights. In this manner the several boats covered the various assailable points of the vessel.

The pirate lay at about a mile and a half below them upon the river—and even weaker in her force than Harrison had conjectured. The inferior officer, left in temporary charge of her by Chorley, had done nothing, and indeed could do nothing, towards the defence of his vessel. The few men left with him had become refractory; and, with the reputed recklessness of men in their way of life, had proceeded to all manner of excess. Liquor, distributed by the commanding officer, with the hope to pacify, had only the effect of stimulating their violence; and the approach of the assailing party found them without energy to resist, and scarcely ability to fly.

As the little squadron of Harrison continued to approach, the refractory seamen let down their own boats in the direction of the opposite shore, and, so considerably in advance of the Carolinians as to defy pursuit, were seen by them pulling towards the Indian country. The lieutenant appeared on board for a few moments after they had left, but whether he remained from choice, or that they refused to take him with them, was at that time a mystery to the assailing party.

Dispatching the Graysons in pursuit of the flying pirates, Harrison brought his boat alongside the vessel, and resolutely leaped on board. But where was the lieutenant he had seen but a few minutes before? He called aloud, and traversed the deck in search of him, but in vain. He was about to descend to the cabin, when he felt himself suddenly seized upon by Hector, who, with looks of terror, dragged him to the side of the vessel, and with a directing finger and a single word developed their full danger to his master.

“Maussa—de ship da burn—look at de smoke—jump, maussa, for dear life—jump in de water.”

It needed no second word—they sprang over the side of the vessel at the same instant that an immense body of dense vapor ascended from below. The river received them, for their boat had been pushed off, with a proper precaution, to a little distance. Ere they were picked up, the explosion had taken place, and the sky was blackened with the smoke and fragments of the vessel upon which, but a few moments before, they had stood in perfect safety. But where was the lieutenant? He had been precipitate in his application of the match, and his desperation found but a single victim in himself.

CHAPTER XLIX.

BESS IS SATISFIED.

A MOTLEY assemblage gathered at the Chief's Bluff, upon the banks of the Pocotaligo, at an early hour on the day so full of incident. Worn out with fatigue, and not yet recovered from their trials and terrors—came forward the women and children who had been sheltered in the Block House. That structure was now in ashes—so indeed, generally speaking, were all the dwellings between that point and Pocotaligo. Below the former point, however—thanks to the manful courage and ready appearance of Hugh Grayson with the troop he had brought up—the horrors of the war had not extended. But, in all other quarters, the insurrection had been successful. Far and wide, scattering themselves in bands over every other part of the colony, the Yemassee and their allies were carrying the terrors of their arms through the unprotected settlement, down to the very gates of Charleston—the principal rallying point of the Carolinians; and there the inhabitants were walled in, unable to escape unless by sea, and then only from the country.

But this belongs elsewhere. The group now assembled upon the banks of the Pocotaligo, absorbed as they were in their

own grievances, had not thought of the condition of their neighbors. One person of all the group properly conjectured the extent of the insurrection—that was Harrison. He had been a part witness to the league. He knew the strong body commanded by Sanutee to be gone in the direction of the Ashley River settlement. He knew that a force of Spaniards was expected to join them from St. Augustine; but whether by sea or land was yet to be determined. He felt the uncertainty of his position, and how doubtful was the condition of the province under such an array of enemies; but, with a mind still cheerful, he gave his orders for the immediate remove, by water, to the city;¹ and, while the subordinates were busied in procuring boats, he gave himself for a brief time to the family of Bess Matthews. Long and sweet was the conversation between the lovers. Like a stream relieved from the pressure of the ice, her affections poured themselves freely into his. The consent of her father had been given, and that was enough. Her hand rested in the clasp of his, and the unrebuking eyes of the old Puritan gave it a sufficient sanction.

“She is yours, Captain Harrison—she is yours! But for you, God knows, and I dread to think, what would have been her fate in the hands of that bad man. How unjust I have been to you, sir!”

“Speak not of it, Master Matthews—you have more than atoned in the rich possession which I now hold. Ah, Bess!—I see you look for the promised secret. Well, it shall be told. But stay—I have a duty. Pardon me a while.”

He rose as he spoke, and made a signal to Hector, who now came forward with the dog Dugdale, which had been wounded with an arrow in the side, not seriously, but painfully, as was evident from the writhings of the animal, while Hector busied himself plastering the wound with pine-tree gum.

“Hector,” said his master, “give me Dugdale. Henceforward I shall take care of him myself.”

¹ Charleston,

“Sa! maussa,” exclaimed the negro, with an expression almost of terrified amazement in his countenance.

“Yes, Hector,—you are now free. I give you your freedom, old fellow. Here is money, too, and in Charleston you shall have a house to live in for yourself.”

“No, maussa; I can’t go; I can’t be free,” replied the negro, shaking his head.

“Why can’t you, Hector? Am I not your master? Can’t I make you free, and don’t I tell you that I do?”

“Wha’ for, maussa? Wha’ Hector done, you gwine turn um off dis time o’ day?”

“Done! You have saved my life, old fellow, and I am now your friend, and not any longer your master.”

“’Tis onpossible, maussa, and dere’s no use for talk ’bout it. De ting ain’t right. No, maussa—you and Dugdale berry good company for Hector. I no want any better.”

The negro’s objections to liberty were not to be overcome; and his master, deeply affected with this evidence of his attachment, turned away in silence. Approaching the little group from which, but a few moments before, he had parted, he stood up in earnest conversation with the pastor, while the hand of Bess was suffered to rest passively in his own. But there was one who stood apart, yet surveying the scene, to whom it brought a pang little short of agony. This was the younger Grayson. Tears started to his eyes as he beheld the happy party, and he turned away from the group in suffering anguish. The eye of Harrison caught the movement, and readily divined its cause. Calling Granger to him, he demanded from him a small packet which he had intrusted to his care on leaving the Block House for Pocotaligo the evening before. The question disturbed the trader not a little, who, at length, frankly confessed he had mislaid it.

“Say not so, man! think!—that packet is of value, and holds private dispatches, set against which thy worthless life would have no value! Look, man, as thou lovest thy quiet!”

“It is here, sir—all in safety, as thou gavest it him,” said the wife of the trader, coming forward. “In the hurry of the fight he gave it me for safe keeping.”

“Thou art a strong-minded woman—and ’tis well for Granger that such as thou hast him in charge. Take my thanks for thy discharge of duties not assigned thee.”

Possessing himself of the packet, he approached Hugh Grayson, who stood sullenly apart, and drawing from its folds a broad sheet of parchment, he thus addressed him:

“Master Grayson, the colony owes thee thanks for thy good service, and would have more from thee. I know not one in whom, at such a time, its proprietary lords can better confide, in this contest, than in thee. So thinking, I beg of thee to accept this commission. It confers on thee all military command in this county of Granville, to pursue the enemies of the colony with fire and sword—to control its people for the purposes of war in dangerous times like the present—and to do, so long as this insurrection shall continue, whatever may seem wise to thy mind, for the proprietors and for the people. Is the trust agreeable to thee?”

“Who art thou?” was the response of the youth, looking a degree of astonishment, corresponding with that upon the faces of all around, to whom the speaker had hitherto only been known as Gabriel Harrison.

“True—let me answer that question. Bess, dearest, thou shalt now be satisfied. Know, then, thou hast Gabriel Harrison no longer! My true name is Charles Craven!”

“The Governor!”—faltered Grayson.

“Ha! what!” exclaimed the pastor.

“The Governor”—roared Nichols—“the Governor himself—the Lord Palatine of Carolina!”

Bess Matthews only murmured—“Oh! Gabriel!” as she sank, with her heart full of silent happiness, into the arms of her lover. Meanwhile, the joyful shout of all around attested the gratification with which the people recognized, in an old

acquaintance, the most popular governor whom the Carolinians ever had.

"I take your commission, my lord," replied Grayson, with firm manliness, "and will proceed at once to the execution of its duties. Your present suggestions, sir, will be of value."

"You shall have them, Master Grayson, in few words," was the reply of the Palatine. "It will be your plan to move down with your present force along the river, taking with you, as you proceed, all the settlers, so as to secure their safety. Your point of rest and defence will be the fort at Port Royal, which now lacks most of its garrison from the draught made on it by my orders to Bellinger, and which gave you command of the brave men you brought up last night. I shall be at Port Royal before you, and will do what I may there, in the meanwhile, towards its preparation for friend or foe."

"Ahem, ahem!—My lord," cried Nichols, awkwardly approaching—"My lord, permit me to suggest that the duties so assigned Master Grayson are heavy upon such young hands. Ahem! my lord—it is not now that I have to say that I have never yet shrunk from the service of the people. I would—"

"Ay, ay, Nichols—I know what you would say, and duly estimate your public spirit; but, as you are the only surgeon in the parish—to risk your life unnecessarily, in a command so full of peril as that assigned Master Grayson, would be very injudicious. We may spare a soldier, or even an officer, but the loss of a doctor is not so easily supplied."

"Well, my lord, but you can understand, though it does not become me to say, how readily I should meet death in behalf of the people."

"That I know—that I know, Nichols. Your patriotism is duly estimated. Enough, now—and farewell, gentlemen—Granger, let us have boats for the city."

CHAPTER L.

THE BATTLE.

IN safety, and with no long delay, Harrison,—or, as we should call him, the Palatine,—reached Charleston, the metropolis of Carolina. He found it in sad dismay. As he had feared, the warlike savages were at its gates. The citizens were hemmed in—confined to the shelter of the seven forts which girdled its dwellings—half-starved, and kept in constant watchfulness against hourly surprise. The Indians had ravaged with fire and the tomhawk all the intervening country. Hundreds of the innocent and unthinking inhabitants had perished by deaths the most painful and protracted.

The arrival of the Palatine gave a new life and fresh confidence to the people. His course was such as might have been expected from his decisive character. He proceeded to raise an army of eleven hundred men, in addition to those employed in maintaining the capital. Four hundred consisted of slaves, drawn from the parishes according to assessment, six hundred were Carolinians, and one hundred friendly Indians or allies; these latter being Tuscaroras, from North Carolina, almost the only Indian nation in the south not in league against the colony. Other bodies of men were raised for stations, keeping possession of the Block Houses at points most accessible to the foe, and where the defence was most important.

All other steps taken by the Palatine were equally decisive, and having thus prepared for the contest, he placed himself at the head of his rude levies, and with a word of promise and sweet regret to his young bride, he marched out to meet the enemy. He omitted no caution against surprise, and, at the same time, he allowed himself no delay. Gradually advancing, with spies always out, he foiled all the efforts of his adversary. In vain did Sanutee put all his skill in requisition.

In vain did his most cunning braves gather along the sheltered path in ambuscade. In vain did they show themselves in small numbers, and invite pursuit by an exhibition of timidity. The ranks of the Carolinians remained unbroken. There was no exciting their leader to precipitation.

Sanutee did not desire battle until the force promised by the Spaniards should arrive. He was in momentary expectation of its appearance. His anxieties grew with the situation forced upon him by the army and position of the Palatine; and gradually giving ground, he was compelled, very reluctantly, to fall back upon the river of Salkehatchie, where the Yemassee had a small town, some twenty miles from Pocotaligo. Here he formed his great camp, determined to recede no farther. His position was good. The river-swamp ran in an irregular sweep, so as partially to form in front of his array. His men he distributed through a thick copse running alongside of the river, which lay directly in his rear. In retreat, the swamps were secure fastnesses, and they were sufficiently contiguous.

The night had set in before he took his position. The Carolinians were advancing, and but a few miles divided the two armies. Sanutee felt secure from attack so long as he maintained his present position; and, sending out scouts, and preparing all things, like a true warrior, for every event, he threw himself, gloomy with conflicting thoughts, under the shadow of an old tree that rose up in front of his array. While he mused, his ear caught the approach of a light footstep behind him. He turned, and his eye rested upon Matiwan. He did not repulse her; but his tones, though gentle enough, were gloomily cold.

"Would Matiwan strike with a warrior, that she comes to the camp of the Yemassee? Is there no lodge in Pocotaligo for the woman of a chief?"

"Matiwan has a song of blood and a thick cry, the song and cry of Opitchi-Manneyto when he comes out of the black

swamps of Edistoh. She saw the black spirit with the last dark. The Opitchi-Manneyto spoke of Yemassee."

"Ha! what said the black spirit to the woman of Yemassee?" was the question of the chief, with much earnestness.

"The scalps of the Yemassee were in his hand, and he carried an arrow that was broken."

"Thou liest. The arrow of Yemassee is whole."

"The chief has a knife for the heart. Let the well-beloved strike the bosom of Matiwan. Oh, chief—thou wilt see the red blood that is true. Strike, and tell it to come. Is it not thine?" She bared her breast as she spoke, and her eyes were fixed full upon his with a look of resignation and of love. The old warrior put his hand tenderly upon the exposed bosom:

"The blood is good under the hand of Sanutee. Speak, Matiwan."

"The scalps of Yemassee and the long tuft of a chief were in the hand of the Opitchi-Manneyto."

"What chief?" inquired Sanutee.

"The great chief Sanutee—the well-beloved of the Yemassee," groaned the woman, as she denounced his own fate in the ears of the old warrior. She sank prostrate before him when she had spoken. The chief was silent for an instant, after hearing the prediction conveyed by her vision, which his own previous thoughts of gloom did not permit him to question. Raising her after awhile, he simply exclaimed:

"It is good! Look—the bush is ready for thy sleep."

He pointed to the copse as he spoke, and leaving her, he took his way among the warriors, arranging the disposition of his camp and of future events.

Meanwhile, the Palatine approached the enemy slowly, but with certainty, and with the resolve to make him fight if possible. He pitched his camp within a mile of the position chosen by the Yemassees, and the main body of the army retired to their tents. The long grass constituted a bed sufficiently warm in a clime and at a season so temperate. Weary

with the long march of the day, the greater number were soon lulled into a slumber, as little restrained by thought as if all were free from danger and there were no enemy before them.

It was early morning, some three hours before the dawn, when the Palatine roused his officers, and they in turn the men. They followed his bidding in quick movement, and without noise; they were marshalled in little groups, leaving their blanket tents standing precisely as when they lay beneath them. Under their several leaders they were marched forward, in single, or Indian, file, through the copse which ran along on either side of their place of encampment. They were halted, just as they marched, with their tents some few hundred yards behind them. Here they were dispersed through the forest, at given intervals, each warrior having his bush or tree assigned him. Thus stationed, they were taught to be watchful and to await the movements of the enemy.

Sanutee had been greatly aided in the progress of this war by the counsels of the celebrated Creek chief, Chigilli, who led a small band of the lower Creeks and Eucheas in the insurrection. With his advice, he determined upon attacking the Carolinian army before the dawn of the ensuing day. That night he arranged his proceedings, and, at a sufficiently early hour, roused the warriors, who set forward well prepared to surprise their enemy. The voice of the whip-poor-will regulated their progress through the doubtful and dark night, and they went on until their scouts brought them word that the yellow blankets of the whites glimmered through the shadows of the trees before them.

With increased caution advancing, they came to a point commanding a full view of the place of repose of the Carolinian army. Here they halted, placing themselves carefully in cover, and waiting for the earliest show of dawn in which to commence the attack. In taking such a position, they placed themselves directly between the two divisions of the Palatine's force, which, skirting the copse on either hand, formed a per-

fect ambush. The Yemassees did not suspect their enemy; who were so placed, that, whenever the red men should make their demonstration upon the tents, where the supposed sleepers lay, they would be ready to cover them with cross fires, and to come out upon their wings and rear, taking them at a vantage which must give a fatal blow to their enterprise.

It came at last, the day so long and patiently looked for by both parties. A faint gleam of light gushed through the trees, and a gray streak like a fine thread stole out upon the horizon. Then rose the fierce war-whoop of Yemassee and Creek—"Sangarra-me, Sangarra-me! Blood for the Yemassee, blood for the Cherokee, blood for the Creek"—were the cries which, at a given moment, carried forward the thousand fierce and dusky warriors of the confederate nations upon the tents which they fondly imagined to contain their sleeping enemies. The shots penetrated the blankets in every direction—the arrows hurtled on all sides through the air, and, rapidly advancing with the first discharge, the Indians rushed to the tents, tomahawk in hand, to strike down the fugitives.

In that moment, the sudden hurrah of the Carolinians, in their rear and on their sides, aroused them to a knowledge of that stratagem which had anticipated their own. The shot told fatally on their exposed persons, and a fearful account of victims came with the very first discharge of the sharp-shooting foresters. Consternation, for a moment, followed the first consciousness which the Indians had of their predicament; but desperation took the place of surprise. Sanutee and Chigilli led them in every point, and wherever the face of the foe could be seen. Driven back on one side and another, they yet returned fiercely to the conflict, with a new strength and an exaggerated degree of fury. Chigilli fell fighting, with his hand wreathed in the long hair of one of the borderers, whom he had grappled behind his tree. A random shot saved the borderer, by passing directly through the skull of the Indian. For two hours after this the fight raged recklessly and fierce.

The Indians were superior in number to the Carolinians, but the surprise of their first assault was productive of a panic from which they never perfectly recovered. The sun, risen fairly above the forests, beheld them flying in every direction, shot down as they ran into the open grounds, and crushed by the servile auxiliaries¹ of the whites as they sought for shelter in the woods, assigned, for this very purpose, to the negroes.

CHAPTER LI.

AH-CHERAY-ME, SANUTEE !

A BRIEF distance apart from the mêlée, one spot of the field of battle rose into a slight elevation. A little group rested upon it, consisting of four persons. Two of them were Yemassee subordinates. One of them was already dead. From the bosom of the other, in thick currents, the life was rapidly ebbing. He looked up as he expired, and his last broken words, in his own language, were those of homage and affection to the well-beloved of his people—the great chief Sanuttee.

It was the face of the “well-beloved” upon whom his glazed eyes were fixed with an expression of admiration, indicative of the feeling of his whole people, and truly signifying that of the dying Indian to the last. The old chief looked down on him encouragingly, as the warrior broke out into a start of song—the awful song of the dying. The spirit parted with the effort, and Sanuttee turned his eyes from the contemplation of the melancholy spectacle to the only living person beside him.

That person was Matiwan. She hung over the well-beloved warrior, with an affection as strong as the grief of her soul was speechless and tearless. Her hand pressed closely upon his side, from which the vital torrent was pouring fast; and between the two, in a low moaning strain, in the Yemassee tongue, they bewailed the fortunes of their nation.

¹ the slaves.

"The eye of Matiwan looked on, when the tomahawk was red. She saw Chigilli, the brave of the Creeks—she saw him strike?" inquired the chief of the woman.

"Matiwan saw."

"Let the woman say of Sanutee, the well-beloved of Yemassee. Did Chigilli go before him? Was Sanutee a dog that runs? Was the hatchet of a chief slow? Did the well-beloved strike at the pale-face as if the red eye of Opitchi-Manneyto had looked on him for a slave?"

"The well-beloved is the great brave of Yemassee. The other chiefs came after. Matiwan saw him strike like a chief, when the battle was thick with a rush, and the hatchet was deep in the head of a pale warrior. Look, oh, well-beloved—is not this the bullet of the white man? The big knife is in the bosom of a chief, and the blood is like a rope on the fingers of Matiwan."

"It is from the heart of Sanutee!"

"Ah-cheray-me—ah-cheray-me!" groaned the woman, in savage lamentation, as she sank down beside the old warrior, one arm now enclasping his already rigid person.

"It is good, Matiwan. The well-beloved has no people. The Yemassee has bones in the thick woods, and there are no young braves to sing the song of his glory. The Coosah-moray-te is on the bosom of the Yemassee, with the foot of the great bear of Appalachia. He makes his bed in the old home of Pocota-ligo, like a fox that burrows in the hillside. We may not drive him away. It is good for Sanutee to die with his people. Let the song of his dying be sung."

"Ah-cheray-me—ah-cheray-me!" was the only response of the woman, as, but partially equal to the effort, the chief began his song of many victories.

But the pursuers were at hand, in the negroes, now scouring the field of battle with their huge clubs and hatchets, knocking upon the head all of the Indians who yet exhibited any signs of life. As wild almost as the savages, they hurried over

the forests, sparing none, whether they fought or pleaded, and frequently inflicting the most unnecessary blows, even upon the dying and the dead.

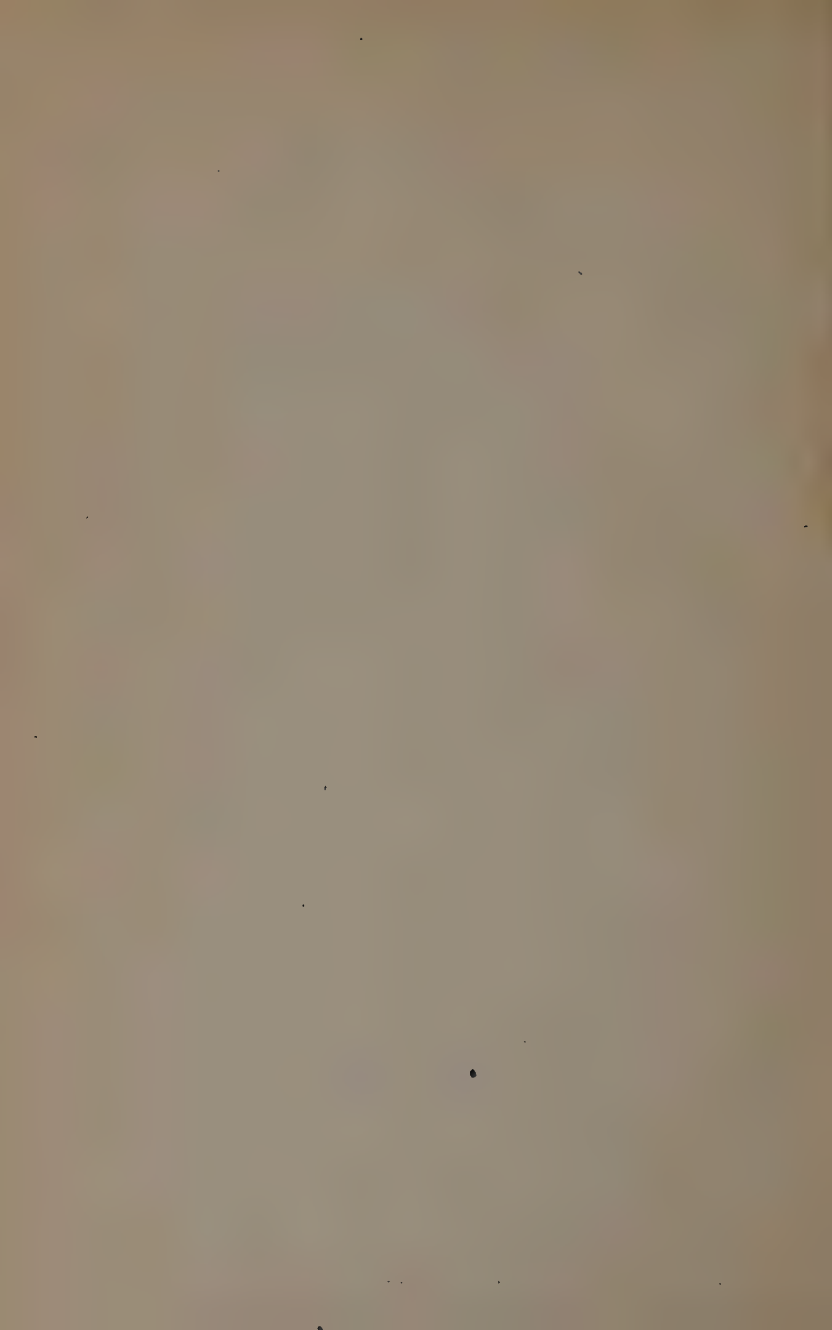
The eye of Matiwan, while watching the expiring blaze in that of the old warrior, discovered the approach of one of these sable enemies. She threw up her hand to arrest or impede the blow, declaring, as she did so, the name of the chief she defended. He himself feebly strove to grasp the hatchet, which had sunk from his hands, to defend himself, or at least to strike the assailant; but the expiring life had only gathered for a moment, stagnating about his heart. The arm was palsied; but the half-unclosing eye, which glowed wildly upon the black, and arrested his blow much more completely than the effort of Matiwan, attested the yet reluctant consciousness. Life went with the last effort, when, thinking only of the strife for his country, his lips parted feebly with the cry of battle—"Sangarra-me, Yemassee—Sangarra-me—Sangarra-me!"

The eye was dim for ever. Looking no longer to the danger of the stroke from the club of the negro, Matiwan threw herself at length upon the body, now doubly sacred to that childless woman. At that moment the Lord Palatine came up, in time to arrest the blow of the servile which still threatened her.

"Matiwan," said the Palatine, stooping to raise her from the body—"Matiwan, it is the chief."

"Ah-cheray-me, ah-cheray-me, Sanutee—Ah-cheray-me, ah-cheray-me, Yemassee!"

She was unconscious of all things, as they bore her tenderly away, save that the Yemassee was no longer the great nation. She only felt that the "well-beloved," as well of herself as of her people, looked forth, with Oconestoga, wondering that she came not, from the Blessed Valley of the Good Manneyto.



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